# THE NEW REPUBLIC

## South Asia and US Policy

*Selig S. Harrison*

## Is Britain Munich-Minded?

*L. W. Martin*

## The Proper Washingtonian

*Louis J. Halle*

## In the Wake of Trujillo

*Thomas P. Whitney*

*December 11,*

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# T.R.B. *from Washington*

*Bibles at Christmas*

★ Flying down to Washington the other day we heard one businessman showing another the double-spread advertisement in *The New Yorker* of a Bible opened to the Nativity story in St. Luke. It was the best advertisement ever published, he said enthusiastically. Modestly, down in one corner, Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation explained that it had developed the new light paper on which the Bible was printed and it was proud to "be part of your Christmas, part of your giving." We looked over the advertisement to see if it had "XXXX" printed on it anywhere, but it hadn't. Olin Mathieson and three other defendants come up for sentencing in New York around December 15 in the 4-X anti-trust dry ice conspiracy case. All four companies have pleaded "guilty" or "no defense." Some executives marked documents "XXXX" to indicate they were to be destroyed at once to prevent their falling into the hands of the Justice Department. The FBI, however, nabbed at least one.

If you want a nice cozy example of how anti-trust laws are violated by respectable companies that advertise Bibles at Christmas time this tidy little case now waiting sentence by Judge Jacob Mishler in Federal District Court in Brooklyn makes good Yuletide reading. True, it isn't as spectacular as that which brought triple damage suits and jail sentences to GE and Westinghouse in the electric conspiracy, but in a small way this is as neat and complete. Of course you won't read much about it in the newspapers. Still it is rather interesting, the cute way the conspirators raised prices and eliminated competition for three million pounds of liquid carbon dioxide for the Atomic Energy Commission's Hanford, Washington works in 1955 and if the newspapers weren't so full of Christmas advertising they might have room for it.

*Bridges and Boodle*

★ The late Styles Bridges of New Hampshire is an almost irreplaceable loss to the Senate Republicans because he had the cynicism, jollity, business instinct and thick hide that made him the perfect undercover contact man for funds for his party. He was the go-between for businessmen who wanted reform slowed down and the conservative GOP that was able to hold back the hands of the clock. It was not bribery in the corrupt sense; to revive a fine old word of the 1910 muckraking era it was "boodle." Bridges handled it with quiet, smiling efficiency. Again and again it seemed that the story would be told; for example when the Senate almost but not quite got to the bottom of the effort of the Superior Oil Company attorney, Elmer Patman, to get 25 crisp, anonymous $100 bills into the campaign fund of simple, homespun Sen. Francis Case (R, S.D.); just by coincidence the Senate fight to exempt independent natural gas producers from rate regulation by the Federal Power Commission was going on at the time. Patman, Bridges later disclosed, had called on him earlier at Concord, N.H. Instead of letting energetic Sen. Albert Gore (D, Tenn.) head the subsequent investigation, a "safe" Senate group was named, with Bridges, of all persons, as vice chairman.

Sherman Adams' old buddy Bernard Goldfine sent Christmas presents all over Washington; it was no accident that six of them went to Bridges' assistants. Goldfine and his secretary Mildred Paperman (who may yet rock Washington by deciding to lighten their current jail sentences by disclosing where all their unaccounted money went to) picked up the hotel tabs for Bridges and his wife at one point and then deducted the cost from his income tax. Goldfine seems to have had a lien on the then Senator from Maine Fred Payne, and the present New Hampshire Senator, Norris Cotton. Bridges cooperated with him instinctively.

Bridges came from one-party New Hampshire, a state whose leading paper, William Loeb's *Manchester Union-Leader*, still thinks McCarthy a martyr, whose Governor Wesley Powell (Bridges' former executive assistant) kept 70-year-old Christian pacifist Dr. Willard Uphaus in jail for a year, and whose mental climate makes it a kind of Mississippi of the North. Really there isn't anybody on the GOP Senate side who can quite fill Bridges' place as chairman of the Republican Policy Committee. Vermont's Aiken is too liberal; Goldwater has other fish to fry; Saltonstall of Massachusetts has an aristocrat's disdain for boodle; Williams of Delaware has a queer reformer's streak; Young of North Dakota lacks experience, and Hickenlooper of Iowa would fill the bill admirably, but is he quite bright enough? A great loss, Bridges.

*Kennedy's Strength*

★ Back on November 6 we told you, "We know we should be wringing our hands responsibly these days with other editorial writers but optimism keeps breaking through." Maybe it was because Kennedy took a firm line and stuck to it; maybe it was just because Khrushchev got what he wanted – a brutal wall dividing Berlin, and a resumption of nuclear tests. Anyway for the time being we seem to be back in the soft phase of the Moscow cycle. Our judgment is that in the meanwhile Kennedy has been doing some growing. He went out West and for the first time directly tangled with critics, the crackpot right-wingers. He rediscovered that he could communicate directly with the people where the strength of every President ultimately lies. Then he took on Mr. K's son-in-law, *Izvestia's* editor Adzhubei, and in really quite a remarkable performance got over to a lot of Russians, (a) that they aren't apt to be invaded again; and (b) that we aren't giving nuclear arms to the Germans. That helped. Then at his press conference last week for almost the first time he really exerted himself, simply and warmly, to explain something, in this case why reservists have been called up. When the White House gets over the notion the President can "over expose" himself, things will look up.

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**THE NEW REPUBLIC** *A Journal of Opinion Volume 145 Number 24 Issue 2458 December 11, 1961*
*Published weekly (except for omissions of four summer issues) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C. Phone: FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 25c. Yearly subscription, $8.00; Foreign, $9.00, Armed Forces personnel or students, $5.00. Advertising rates upon request. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Include old and new address.* *Copyright© 1961, by Harrison-Blaine, Inc.* *Item g. Second class Imprint, reading Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

# The Professional Teacher

THE WEEK

*3. The Professional Teacher; Alliance for Reaction?; Hollywood and the Negro; Stevenson to the Senate?; Test Ban Talks*

ARTICLES

*6. In the Wake of Trujillo*
*by Thomas P. Whitney*

*9. The Proper Washingtonian*
*by Louis J. Halle*

*11. South Asia and US Policy*
*by Selig S. Harrison*

*17. The Superficial Aspect*
*by Gerald W. Johnson*

*18. Is Britain Munich-Minded?*
*by L. W. Martin*

DEPARTMENTS

*21. Books 25. Art 26. Movies*
*27. Feiffer 28. Theater*
*30. Correspondence*

THE STAFF

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*Alexander M. Bickel, Robert Brustein, Asher Brynes, Helen Fuller, Frank Getlein B. H. Haggin, Irving Howe, Sidney Hyman, Gerald W. Johnson, Stanley Kauffmann, Helen Hill Miller, Michael Straight*

There are 1.4 million men and women teaching in public elementary and secondary schools, two percent of the American labor force. A staggering eight percent annual turnover, plus rapid suburban expansion will force school boards to hire next year at least 175,000 new teachers, about 40 percent of the college class of '62. Even if superintendents could offer salaries comparable to private enterprise, or workaday independence and influence comparable to the professions, 175,000 teachers of professional caliber would be hard to find. And since teachers are paid and treated like civil servants, not business executives or professional men, the superintendents' task will in most cases prove hopeless. They will not be able to recruit from the same manpower pool as law, medicine and university teaching, but will instead fall back on the pool which includes secretaries, social workers, nurses and insurance salesmen. Surveys of undergraduates entering teaching show that they are markedly less talented scholastically than undergraduates headed for the professions, and somewhat less talented than those planning careers in business. Studies also show that, unlike professionals, most teachers do not regard the classroom as their life's work. To the majority, it's just another job—unquestionably interesting and important, but still not a real calling. Young men who will leave the classroom to sell automobiles when their wives begin to talk about suburbia and young women who will leave to have babies outnumber those who will stay in education all their lives. And even of those who stay, many of the most gifted regard the classroom as an avenue to administration.

Efforts to remedy this situation have been concentrated on higher salaries instead of better working conditions. Teachers are not allowed to decide which pupils are benefiting from their education and need more schooling; that is a matter for parents, school boards, state legislatures and philanthropists. Nor have teachers any voice in licensing, hiring, promoting or firing their colleagues and potential superintendents; these are decisions for professors of education, state certification laws, lay school boards, superintendents, and the vagaries of supply and demand. Indeed, few teachers even have ultimate control over what they teach in their own classroom; that depends on curriculum coordinators, textbook publishers, professional scholars and patriotic businessmen. Under these circumstances it is understandable why legislators feel that a few mediocre teachers will do no real harm, and that truly professional talent would not be worth

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the price. Only if teachers were more in charge of the public schools, and parents felt that their children's futures depended on the teacher's decisions and skills, would school boards be willing to pay for real ability.

School boards and superintendents usually see nothing wrong with the present educational system, except the shortage of funds. To them the classroom is not the only important place in the school, to which all else is ancillary, any more than the teacher is the most important employee, around whom all else turns. The men who run our schools do not think of them as collections of classrooms, each in the hands of an independent professional, but as a bureaucratic hierarchy, controlled by a board of directors which includes not teachers but politicians, businessmen and housewives. The board hires a superintendent, and the superintendent in turn hires all kinds of "middle management" types, from principals and department heads to classroom teachers. The latter, in turn, have charge of the student "workers," from whom the whole "system" is designed to extract the highest possible output. In this perspective school administrators find it natural to award tenure to teachers on the basis of whether they keep order in class and file reports on time.

The surprising thing is not that administrators think administratively, but that they have cajoled 700,000 teachers into joining a National Education Association dedicated to their principles. The NEA claims to be a professional association, but it is a company union. A real professional, according to the NEA, takes his gripes to his boss, not to his professional association or the public. He never withdraws his services by going on strike, even when school policies force him and his colleagues to miseducate the young.

An association like the NEA is of almost no practical value to the really professional teacher, who believes his work must be judged by fellow experts rather than bureaucrats or laymen, and feels ultimate loyalty to his pupils rather than to their parents and the school board which speaks for them. Such a teacher wants a professional association which will support him when his superintendent tries to interfere with his work for reasons of economy or political expediency, and impose sanctions against school boards which fire him for doing what he and his colleagues believe right. He also wants an association which will protect his reputation as a teacher of English, or history, or physics by licensing everyone who claims the right to teach these subjects, and preventing school boards from hiring unlicensed incompetents to do his job.

There is no genuine professional association of teachers competing for members and influence with the NEA. The closest facsimile is the American Federation of Teachers, an affiliate of the AFL-CIO. This organization believes that teachers should not belong to the same professional association as administrators, and in the right to strike. But the AFT is not interested in establishing professional standards for its members.

The AFT now enrolls about four percent of America's classroom teachers, compared to the NEA's 49 percent. However, this week a bargaining election is taking place in New York City which could change the situation radically. Last year an AFT local joined with a disaffected NEA group to found the United Federation of Teachers. The UFT then defied state law and staged a city-wide strike last spring to force the school board to poll its teachers on collective bargaining. The teachers voted for collective bargaining, 3 - 1. Now the board is holding an election to determine whether the UFT, the Teacher's Bargaining Organization (an affiliate of the NEA), or the Teacher's Union (a left-wing splinter group) should represent the city's 43,000 teachers in future negotiations.

If the NEA affiliate wins this election, the main result will be the imminent demise of the AFT, whose principal strength lies in big cities like New York, Chicago and Detroit. If the UFT wins, and if other strong AFT locals also win collective bargaining, the election could mark the beginning of a massive swing away from the NEA. Most of the NEA's 700,000 members are not very interested in the NEA anyway, and many join only because their principal expects them to.

# Alliance for Reaction?

President de Gaulle's enemies are fearsome enough; who will protect *le grand Charles* from his friends? His newest ally is Generalissimo Franco, the aging Caudillo of Spain who has lost none of his talent for exacting a good deal of *quid* for a pittance of *quo*. In October, Spain obliged M. de Gaulle by rounding up a group of French right-wing exiles, shipping four of them off to the Canary Islands. In return, early in November, the Paris government suppressed all Spanish Republican papers published in France: *Solidaridad Obrero* of Paris, *Espana Libré*, *CNT* and *El Socialista* of Toulouse.

Questions of morality aside, there is a matter of simple ingratitude involved. Spanish exiles served gallantly in the Resistance, and if the extension of Spanish censorship to French soil does not trouble M. de Gaulle, it surely ought to cause a few qualms to his Minister of Culture, Andre Malraux, who lent his pen and person to the Republican cause.

On November 16, President de Gaulle received the Spanish Foreign Minister, and assured him of "all my sympathy" for a regime "which represents a factor of stability and social peace for Europe." Whatever practical questions may bring France and Spain together for a limited objective, this honey seems gratuitous.



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# Hollywood and the Negro

In no art is it more difficult for a Negro to make a career than in acting. The obvious reason is that the color of a person's skin is irrelevant to writing or painting or orchestral conducting but clearly limits the roles he can play. In the abstract world of opera Leontyne Price can sing the *Girl of the Golden West*, but Diahann Carroll would not be cast in a film of the original play. So one can understand the concern of the NAACP for the increased use of Negro actors in films and TV. According to *The New York Times* of November 29, Edward D. Warren, president of the Los Angeles chapter of the NAACP, has held a secret discussion with film industry leaders, charging both widespread discrimination in employment and grossly unfair portrayals of Negroes. Mr. Warren later warned that unless there are prompt indications of remedy, theaters and studios might be picketed and the charges might be turned over to the California Attorney General's Office.

One result of the secret meeting was a letter from Charles Schnee, president of the Writers Guild of America, West, to the union's film and TV writers asking them to portray Negroes as they exist in our society and to use Negro doctors or court clerks or murderers or income tax reviewers "if the story calls for one. The test is reality and truth." This letter, said Mr. Warren, was a "small step in the right direction" but that the word "if" weakened it. "We don't want any ifs. The scripts should call for the American image and that is what we want without any ifs."

Decades of degradation, of distortion, of frustration of valuable talent lie behind the NAACP's position. Still, isn't it possible Mr. Warren is confusing art and industry? On the following day, November 29, in Detroit the NAACP filed charges of anti-Negro discrimination against the General Motors Corporation with the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity, and it seems conceivable that Mr. Warren is equating this kind of easily definable employment with the quite different matter of artists' ability and appropriateness. (On the industrial side of films – electricians, property men, etc. – there is no present NAACP comment, although some of these craft unions have no Negro members at all.)

Mr. Warren is not disturbed only about "crap game" stereotypes of Negroes and the absence from the screen of Negro doctors and lawyers. "We are not arguing for Negroes in this matter. We want [fair?] treatment for Mexicans, Jews, or any other group." But can an agreement be worked out guaranteeing the use of any group of actors? There has already been a "yard-stick" reply. In *Variety* of November 29, the producer of a hospital film states that there are eight Negroes in his cast of 80, "noting it is representative of the Negro population of our country." Shall there be a series of agreements with all actors promising employment, according to the composition of the population? What about the numerous talented ex-European actors – many of whom are now US citizens – whose employment is restricted because of their accents? Shall "accent parts" be written in for them proportionate to their number in our society? Shall actors of short stature or with red hair be represented equivalently with short or red-haired people in life?

None of this is to scoff at the Negro actor's rightful charges of misrepresentation and inadequate opportunity. We merely question Mr. Warren's objection to Mr. Schnee's test of "reality and truth." Where a role can truthfully be rewritten for the excellent Negro actor, Sidney Poitier (as in a forthcoming Stanley Kramer film), that is good news. But if films, TV shows, and plays are to be cast by population slide-rules instead of artistic variety, that is bad news for everyone, including white and Negro actors. The letter of liberal dogma, as well as of reactionary dogma, killeth.

# Stevenson to the Senate?

The first hint that the White House had that Adlai Stevenson might consider running against Everett Dirksen for the Senate seat from Illinois next year was when Mr. Stevenson mentioned the possibility during a plane ride to Trinidad with Richard Goodwin of the White House staff some weeks ago. Mr. Stevenson has since discussed with the President Mayor Daley's proposal that he re-enter politics and has said that he will make his decision by the end of the month. Whether he could knock out Mr. Dirksen is a matter of conjecture; the incumbent has a large following and is an active, well-financed campaigner. There seems little doubt, however, that Illinois politicians want Stevenson on their ticket in '62. For one thing, he would increase the chances of local Democratic candidates in Cook County. Mr. Stevenson is said to have been urged to come home not only by Mayor Daley, but by Sen. Paul Douglas and the Democratic Illinois Congressional delegation. All this is quite a switch from certain other years, when Stevenson's political hopes found no favor among influential Illinois politicians.

One can appreciate why Stevenson may be tempted. In 1948, he had wanted to run for the Senate but was persuaded to run for Governor instead. It would be natural also for him to wish for that public vindication denied him in two campaigns for the Presidency. As Junior Senator from Illinois he would have more security – six years – than any Presidential appointee enjoys, and more independence. Yet in this instance,



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there appear to be no significant differences of opinion between the UN Ambassador and the man to whom he is finally responsible (excepting on Cuba and a possible US resumption of nuclear tests). Mr. Stevenson may not be physically present when some decisions are made that concern US policy in the UN, but he has in no sense been isolated. He has had and has used access to the President.

Should he decide to make the fight against Senator Dirksen, he will have strong backing of not only Illinois Democrats but many independents and some Republicans. But that choice would be bought dearly. The expectation of excellence that was expressed at the time of Stevenson's appointment to the UN has been fulfilled by his skillful, 20-hour-a-day personal diplomacy. There is no other man who is so well known, so sought after by other UN delegations, so able in debate. His tactful and decisive role in working out the compromise which gave the UN a successor to Dag Hammarskjold is fully appreciated only by those who work closely with him. The removal of Senator Dirksen – and his possible replacement as Minority Leader by Senator Saltonstall – is a worthy aim. So is the retention of Adlai Stevenson in the United Nations.

# Test Ban Talks

World public opinion has been marshaled behind the proposition that nuclear tests should be stopped, as manifested in seven resolutions already passed by the UN General Assembly. The technical problems have been well explored. An effective ban would require a minimum of policing by personal inspection, as distinguished from policing by technical devices. The answer from Moscow at the resumed test-ban negotiations at Geneva, however, was negative. The only thing new about the four-point approach broached by the Soviet delegate, Semyon K. Tsarapkin, turned out to be a proposal to include France, not as yet a participant in the negotiations, in a voluntary ban on above-ground testing. The Russians reject any controls, until the remote and contingent event of an agreement on general and complete disarmament.

So, after three days of familiar futility, the chief US negotiators were ordered home, leaving the *pro forma* exercises at Geneva to the care of subordinates. The decision to cut short the dull exercise was wise. It is pointless to allocate talent, time and moral concern to an endless exploration of blind alleys.

## "EL BENEFACTOR" HAS GONE – BUT WHAT COMES NEXT?

# In the Wake of Trujillo

*Santo Domingo*

As this is being written, the general strike which, insofar as it has an articulate aim, demands the ouster of President Joaquin Balaguer and a clean sweep of Trujilloism from the Dominican Republic is in its fourth day. There has been bloodshed, tempers are exceedingly short on both sides. A cataclysmic outcome is possible either in the form of a radical revolution which will sweep everything before itself or of a cruel repression by police and armed forces with heavy bloodshed and the crushing of a newly-awakened will to freedom.

All this is the heritage of "el benefactor" – Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo, who ruled for nearly a third of a century and was one of the most cruel dictators of modern times. His assassination last May 30 came off, but the hoped-for coup did not. Power was taken over for the large and voracious Trujillo family by the Generalissimo's son, Rafael Trujillo, Jr., who held the post of commander of the armed forces, while powerless President Joaquin Balaguer, a creature of the Generalissimo, fronted for the family as President.

There are several things to be noted about the dictatorship of the Generalissimo. He exercised a totality of control which it is quite difficult for an American to imagine. He milked the nation to increase his personal fortune in a way which is quite without parallel. The amounts he took to stash away outside cannot even be guessed at; minimal estimates of well-informed people range from $300 million on up. In order to get wealth out of the country he increased greatly its productivity – so that today it is one of the most productive nations of the Caribbean. But in his last years the Generalissimo went berserk. His economic policies were in some respects predatory in the extreme, in some respects little short of insane, in some respects malignant. He was carrying out a campaign to destroy the middle class, a class he himself had helped to create.

After his father's assassination young Ramfis got control in his own hands. Widespread and cruel repres-



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sions were carried out in the wake of the assassination and for a time the nation was quiescent. But there were several factors at work to encourage the appearance of an open opposition. One of these was that Ramfis had no real stomach for a life career of dictatorship. He was and is a playboy. He began to probe for a way out which might preserve the family wealth and property in the republic and yet leave him freer for his fun and games. Then too, there were the sanctions of the Organization of American States which Ramfis hoped could be lifted. The imposition of a special tax on Dominican sugar imported into the United States under terms of the Cuban windfall aspect of the American sugar law was cutting off well over $30 million of income for the Trujillo family sugar properties – 71 percent of the Dominican total. Ramfis hoped he could get this plum back by playing at "democratization."

Beginning in July a political opposition began to build up. Some opposition leaders returned from exile. Parties began to organize and become more vocal and shrill. The whole thing snowballed. In late October students responded to closing of the university by forming a "free territory" in the center of the capital. They stood off police and armed forces with rocks till their opposition was crushed with bloodshed.

The present crisis began on November 14 with the resignation of Ramfis Trujillo (it did not become known publicly for four days) and was followed by the return to the Dominican Republic on November 15 of Ramfis' two uncles, Hector and Arismendi, both known as cruel, determined and dangerous men. Their return signalled a plot to carry out, for the Trujillo family, a bloody coup: total control over national affairs on the pattern of the Generalissimo's regime, abolition of "liberalization" and massacre of anyone opposed to them. Their plan miscarried. The reason it did is that the US Secretary of State on November 18 made a statement warning against the coup. US naval units appeared off the Dominican capital the following day. Meanwhile with the US clearly arrayed against the uncles, important sectors of the Dominican armed forces decided to oppose them. Planes from the Santiago garrison of General Pedro Rafael Roderiguez Echevarria bombed the capital that fateful Sunday morning, November 19, with leaflets announcing airforce support for the civil government and opposition to the coup. A series of vital meetings at the National Palace involved the US Consul General, President Balaguer and the two plotting uncles. Shortly after noon, the President announced that the two uncles would depart from the country. He ordered the armed forces to obey only him and named new heads of the airforce and the army. Near midnight that same day two dozen leading members of the Trujillo family left.

For a whole day the still numb people did not quite realize that the Trujillo era was over. The fact finally sank home on Tuesday, November 21, when the capital erupted in a wild victory celebration. One group, the 14th of June Movement, gave the celebration a double edge, politically speaking, by agitating in the streets for the ouster of President Balaguer, combining this with anti-American slogans attacking "intervention." The anti-American aspect of the drive did not catch on immediately, but the anti-Balaguer slogans did. In the midst of a general laxity of public order on Thursday there erupted a feverish looting of homes of members of the Trujillo family and close associates. A curfew was clamped down for one night and General Roderiguez Echevarria was brought in from Santiago to take over as new Secretary of State for the Armed Forces. On that night there was an impressive demonstration of military strength in the streets of the capital. Calm was restored temporarily. Balaguer began negotiations with the National Civic Union or UCN on a new government to include the opposition. The talks continued with the country still in a tense and expectant atmosphere. Decrees on all kinds of subjects began to shower from the Presidential office.

Then, on Monday evening, November 27, all of a sudden everything blew wide open. How it happened is not completely clear. The UCN had evidently made proposals to the government which were tantamount to a determined bid by the UCN for complete power, including the removal of Balaguer. The UCN claimed its proposals had been accepted by the President and that he went back on them. Amid protests by the UCN, a call went out over the opposition radio station from the lawyers union for a strike. UCN leaders were apparently somewhat aghast, but they had a bear by the tail. By November 28, the entire country was on strike.

### *They Stayed in the Streets*

It was a strike against Balaguer. People voted by not going to work despite heavy pressures on them to do so. At the same time the strike showed that even though the armed forces under General Roderiguez Echevarria could maintain some semblance of order and keep Balaguer in the National Palace they could not prevent people from staying away from work or prevent anti-government demonstrations – not for the time being at any rate. And the strike also showed that the UCN opposition did not have any measure of control over the public either. Its leader might tell people to go home – but they stayed in the streets. They might, as they did, call an end to the strike only to find that people continued striking anyway. It was not difficult to imagine that people would get hungry and be forced to go out for food and to work and that the strike would slacken off. But Dominicans have



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found in this, their first general strike, that they can in some measure resist the government and armed forces.

Behind Balaguer are all those who stand to lose – position, money and perhaps more – from a thoroughgoing purge of the more ardent pro-Trujillo elements. They have been fighting for their lives. In the dozens of measures taken by the Balaguer government beginning a few days after the departure of the Trujillos there seemed to be an element of frantic haste: raising the pay of members of the armed forces and police by $20 a month, lowering gasoline prices by 14 cents a gallon, declaring an amnesty for persons accused of complicity in the killing of the Generalissimo, changing the names of places and institutions, shifting personnel and shipping abroad the more notorious personalities of the former regime. Trujillo properties were put under the protection of the armed forces. The trouble with all this was that the concessions were in large part badly timed, coming always a little late, and that much of what was being done was so obviously a mercenary and even reckless campaign to bribe public opinion. So far as the public was concerned, nothing that Balaguer and those behind him could do was honestly motivated or sufficient. Only the armed forces could keep him in office even for one day.

### *Reaching for the Reins of Power*

The Dominican armed forces had their own interests to think about. A purge of pro-Trujillo elements and of those who owed position or fortune to the dead dictator might extend to them. They all got their positions from him, after all. There was a fear that a new government might cut the big military budget of the country. Beyond this there seemed to be personal considerations of the new head of the armed forces, young General Roderiguez Echevarria. He was close to Ramfis Trujillo, like all the leading airforce officers – but not a member of Ramfis' clique. He has extraordinary personal charm and a large family. One brother was installed as Chief of Staff for Air and another is in the National Bank. In his own position he was the successor to the President in the event of the latter's demise or resignation – under the Trujillo constitution still in effect. Roderiguez Echevarria seemed both to be backing Balaguer and the old guard behind him, and at the same time to be reaching out for the reins of power himself. From the armed forces emerged the proposal for a *junta*, which were it to be affected, would virtually make Roderiguez Echevarria the legal ruler of the nation. Perhaps this was what he aspired to – and yet perhaps the opposition could have made a deal with him to seek the ouster of Balaguer.

But that would have been something too politically wise, it would seem, to expect from the Dominican opposition, at least from the leading element in it, the UCN. The National Civil Union is a political party which has long claimed to be a national anti-Trujillo front, uniting all anti-Trujillo groups. It is in its leadership middle class, containing many doctors, lawyers and also some very well to do Dominicans. It is generally regarded as having a conservative trend. This description may fail to take into account adequately the radical directions in which it might conceivably be pushed. At any rate, it does not have any defined program or any precise political coloration. Its leading figure is Dr. Viriato Fiallo, a physician in his middle sixties who is evidently a man of probity and good will but who gives the impression of being not only politically inexperienced but politically naïve, a trait he shares with most of the rest of the leaders of his party and with some other leaders of the Dominican opposition. Nevertheless, Dr. Viriato Fiallo has appeared to most foreign observers on the scene, including US diplomats, as the brightest hope in the Dominican sky. Whether he could conceivably be at one and the same time a fair and just Provisional President of the nation and also head of a political party competing in upcoming elections is a difficult question to answer. The problem of how to set up a fair and effective transition regime would have been very difficult in the best of circumstances. As things have turned out it would seem to be well nigh hopeless.

Of the other elements in the opposition there are two of importance. One of these is the 14th of June Movement headed by Manuel Tavarez Justo. Its objectives have never been well defined and it bears some ominous points of comparison with Castro's 26th of July Movement. The party is thought to be weak. Were it to capture the popular imagination, however, as a result of failures of the UCN and were its leftist element to take control it might move in a leftist totalitarian and anti-American direction. For the present, anti-American feeling is not at all evident here – fortunately. The third political group in the picture is the PRD – the Revolutionary Dominican Party headed by Juan Bosch. It is well organized and anti-Communist; its democratic views are well defined. It partakes of the type of Latin American political trend exemplified by Betancourt in Venezuela. But it is relatively weak. Bosch pursues a highly-independent political course and at times has supported President Balaguer on specific issues. Given a democratic environment his party could conceivably flourish.

It is impossible to forecast how things are likely to go even in the short term. The people are thirsting for freedom – and they need it and deserve it. The Dominican Republic could, with efficient and democratic rule, be a little rich and sunny paradise.

THOMAS P. WHITNEY, *November 30, 1961*



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# The Proper Washingtonian

*by Louis J. Halle*

An observer in Geneva has the impression that the Kennedy Administration is not doing badly in the conduct of our foreign relations. To say this is to say a good deal, for politics is the opposite of poetry in one respect: while "pretty good" poetry, as someone has observed, is like "pretty good" eggs, politics is of all arts the furthest from perfection, so that not to do badly in it is, by any realistic standard, to do exceedingly well.

The observer is surprised, then, to find that everyone who visits Geneva fresh from Washington talks like one who has just come from the scene of a disaster. Taking it for granted that the observer already knows about the disaster, the visitor sets off to explain its causes: the President is surrounded by amateurs, or he lacks the right kind of experience, or he is trying to do everything himself . . . and so forth.

When the observer visits Washington he has the same experience. All the talk, to his astonishment, is like that of people standing amid the ruins after an earthquake.

Because this observer's memory of Washington goes back 20 years, he is able to recognize, what he always tends to forget, that this is normal. This lunacy is Washington's sanity. Under Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower, as now under Kennedy, Washington was always this scene of alarm and disaster in which bureaucrats, Congressmen, and journalists milled about, everyone taking everyone else by the lapels to give his version of what has gone wrong or what is about to go wrong.

Unlike the British, who traditionally make light of bad news and go off to shoot grouse, the proper Washingtonian will never allow that anything is right. Whatever looks like a victory for our policy is really, as he explains it, a deadly defeat, and anyone who thinks he sees even a glimmer of hope in the darkness represents the kind of wishful thinking which is the most alarming thing of all.

Look (the observer is told) how the Communist empire is expanding and gaining momentum while we fumble with the bedclothes. It has already reached and absorbed Cuba, and soon South America will be gone. Finland and Southeast Asia may as well be written off. (The observer recalls to himself, albeit silently, that Egypt was supposed to have fallen some years ago, and then Syria, and then Iraq.) If he counters by asking whether the credit of the Communist movement has not been seriously damaged throughout the world in recent months, and whether its expanding empire is not also cracking internally – there's that wishful thinking again! (For 10 years, now, the observer has been keeping track of the continuing rearguard action of those in Washington who committed themselves from the beginning to the thesis that no rift between Russia and China was possible.) Again, if he observes that in a thousand intangible ways West Europe's national boundaries are becoming more obscure every year, and that free Europe is rising in its strength, he is likely, in less than 10 seconds, to find himself occupying the position of the man at the bottom of the heap after a football scrimmage.

Even allowing for the folkways of Washington, however, the assumption that the new Administration of that young Mr. Kennedy is a disaster goes too far for the observer from the outside. The extremism that it represents, he speculates, must be a habit of mind that the Washingtonians fell into at the time of the Cuban fiasco, and that now threatens to become permanent.

The steady stream of wild-eyed visitors to Geneva has finally stirred the observer to go back a century, in his mind, to the first Administration of a backcountry lout called Abraham Lincoln, who by a fatal misfortune (as it then seemed to many) arrived in the White House at the very moment when the country was facing its greatest crisis. This man, the history books say, was altogether at sea in Washington. He found himself having to fight a war and didn't know the first thing about how to fight one. Instead of attending to the great issues of policy, he occupied his time with office-seekers and petty political chicaneries. The gang of incompetents he gathered about him was a scandal. Visitors to the White House were deeply disturbed by his habit of either clowning or striking attitudes of despair. If he had any policy at all, it was uncertain and vacillating. He seemed to be in favor of freeing the slaves in principle but dead against it in practice. He was too timid and too much a moral weakling simply to declare their emancipation in so many words. While the country was cracking up under him,

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Louis J. Halle *was a member of the State Department for thirteen years. At the present time he is a professor at the Institute of Higher International Studies in Geneva, Switzerland.*



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he showed himself unable to get a grip on events or even to make up his own mind.

Richard H. Dana (the distinguished author of *Two Years Before the Mast)* wrote of Lincoln at this time: "He does not act, or talk, or feel like the ruler of a great empire in a great crisis. This is felt by all, and has got down through all the layers of society. It has a disastrous effect on all departments and classes of officials, as well as on the public. He likes rather to talk and tell stories with all sorts of persons who come to him than to give his mind to the noble and manly duties of his great post. It is not difficult to detect that this is the feeling of his Cabinet. He has a kind of shrewdness and common sense, mother-wit, and slipshod, low-levelled honesty, that made him a good Western jury lawyer. But he is an unutterable calamity to us where he is." A movement got under way to impeach this hayseed on the grounds, as one of his critics put it, "that he lacked ability and energy, and that he was not pushing the war with sufficient vigor." A Congressman remarked: "The country is going to hell, and the scenes witnessed in the French Revolution are nothing in comparison with what we shall see here."

If visitors fresh from Washington got to Geneva in the winter of 1862-63 one can imagine what they said. They did get to London, where *The Economist* reported that the American Government was headed by "the smallest, weakest and meanest set of men who ever presided over the policy of a great nation." "The President means well," it added, "but he does nothing else well."

### *Certain Superficial Parallels*

There are certain superficial parallels between Mr. Kennedy's troubles and Mr. Lincoln's. Both are moderate men more interested in saving the Union than in stamping out all evil or annihilating all enemies at one stroke. Both are averse to striking the pharisaical attitudes that their critics want them to strike. Both are trying to feel their way in the dark down the middle of the road, between mortal dangers for the Union on either side. Both, consequently, have to endure a continuous flow of denunciation from the extremists to their Right and to their Left. Mr. Lincoln had to remind the visitor to the White House, who put the liberation of the slaves ahead of saving the Union, that he was President of the whole United States, not just of the North. Mr. Kennedy has to remind the journalist from Texas, who at a White House dinner scolds him for not demanding the unconditional surrender of world Communism, that the man who is elected to the Presidency has responsibilities which only those who have not been elected to it can overlook. Mr. Lincoln, it will also be recalled, had difficulties with generals, and one of Mr. Kennedy's prime problems is likewise to maintain military discipline.

These parallels, which might be multiplied, do not make Mr. Kennedy six feet four inches tall, like Mr. Lincoln, but they have their significance.

This observer's personal predilection is to look for the quality of any man in the quality of his utterance. What impresses him is that Mr. Kennedy, so far, does not come off badly by this test. After eight years of his immediate predecessor it is refreshing to be told, in effect, that a stitch in time does not always save nine, that birds of a feather do not always flock together – as he told his audience at the University of Washington on November 16. ("We have learned . . . that it is not always true that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath' – and that right does not always make might.") This speech, in its content, would surely have been congenial to the two men who, by common consent, were the greatest of his predecessors. In it the President addressed himself to the extremist factions as Washington had in his Farewell Address, and as Lincoln had had to do repeatedly.

Just as Mr. Lincoln had to ward off the copperheads on the one side and the abolitionists on the other, so Mr. Kennedy today has to hold off both the retreatists and the sword-wavers. "We are," he said in the Seattle address, "neither 'warmongers' nor 'appeasers', neither 'hard' nor 'soft'. We are Americans, determined to defend the frontiers of freedom, by an honorable peace if possible, but by arms if arms are used against us."

The substance and the tone of this address are better than anything we have had since Woodrow Wilson. (They are better than anything that FDR gave us, for he talked down to the people and cajoled them.) They have the ring of truth, and they invite the common mind to rise to their level.

The qualities that made Lincoln great developed in office and were not at first apparent, as is often the case. He began badly, but he was distinguished by a hidden inner life that, under the pressure of adversity and the loneliness of his office, nourished and transfigured the outward man. Except for the Cuban disaster, Mr. Kennedy has not begun nearly as badly, but he has from the beginning experienced all the frustrations and bedevilments that are the lot of political leadership. Like all good men in such a position, he has come up against the impossibility of discharging the great responsibilities as one had wished to discharge them. (A year before his death Lincoln wrote in a private letter: "I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me.") Yet the quality of Kennedy's utterance suggests at least the inner potential for statesmanship. It is still too early to judge; history is waiting, and we cannot anticipate it.



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AFTER THE NEHRU VISIT

*In a comprehensive series two years ago ("Case History of a Mistake," August 10 and 24 and September 7, 1959) Mr. Harrison argued for an integrated policy approach to the countries of South Asia and analyzed the political consequences of US military aid to Pakistan. Here he re-examines US relations with India, Pakistan and Afghanistan after nine months of the Kennedy Administration. A former Associated Press correspondent in India and Pakistan, Mr. Harrison is the author of* India: The Most Dangerous Decades *and edited* India and the United States. *He recently revisited the region.*

# South Asia and US Policy

*by Selig S. Harrison*

In the history of United States relations with South Asia, the afternoon of May 9, 1960, was a profoundly unsettling moment. The candor of the Eisenhower Administration in acknowledging responsibility for the U-2 flights over the Soviet Union left CIA and military intelligence circles mortified and the American people stunned; but for the Indians and Afghans it was traumatic to learn that Francis Gary Powers had taken off from an airstrip in neighboring Pakistan.

The U-2 affair made spectacularly explicit why Pakistan has had an unshakable bargaining power in Washington and has been able to obtain through the US military aid program small but significant quantities of highly sophisticated weaponry – including Sidewinder air-to-air missiles and F-104 supersonic jets – despite the damaging effect this has had on US interests in more populous India and more strategically located Afghanistan. For if access to an airfield in Pakistan could make possible the overflights it could also serve other highly useful strategic intelligence purposes. The end of the U-2 flights and of RB 47-style border probings need not necessarily mean, or so the armchair strategist might speculate, an end to transit facilities for other US aircraft on other security-sensitive missions.

What Henry L. Stimson used to call "Sentinel On Duty" intelligence implies today the continuous aerial monitoring of enemy frontiers for the slightest sign of suspicious activity, and the mere fact of such a warning system, in being and on the alert, would appear important to a meaningful deterrent posture. High-flying planes working along Communist borders could presumably detect radar sites and radio frequencies. This would give US bombers the opportunity in wartime to blanket Soviet radar with counter-electronic measures and thus to blind their air defenses, which in itself would add something to the general US deterrent. In the event of a limited war in Asia, the tacit promise of the use of Pakistan territory offers a kind of insurance should the US be denied other beachheads, say in Turkey or Iran. But short of war, there would be an undeniable utility in a missile-tracking installation or a radar intercept facility, or above all, the use of the new jet-sized airstrips built for Pakistan under the military aid program.

How are assets of this sort to be measured in US security calculations against built-in political liabilities? An airfield or a radar station has an incontestably tangible importance and a visible presence on a Pentagon map, but what is the unit of valuation for national emotions? Or for the xenophobic forces generated when, to take the case of military aid to Pakistan, extremist elite factions vie to manipulate the very volatile emotions of 454 million Indians and Afghans? How would one assess the cost to US security of a Soviet-controlled Afghanistan – or of strengthening the Krishna Menon Left and the Hindu Right in India?

The answer hinges on a knowledge of the big picture, that is to say, of whether some or all of the information concerning Soviet capability and defenses thus obtained could be gleaned from other sources, and if not, what this would mean in concrete military terms. And the President alone has before him the spectrum of political and military facts necessary for the rigorous task of balancing out US interests. Mr. Kennedy has not hitherto got around to this exercise in the hectic early months of his Administration when so many commitments of the previous eight years have perhaps necessarily been left undisturbed. But it can be authoritatively stated that in the aftermath of his meetings with Pakistan's Ayub Khan and India's Nehru, he is now engaged in a re-evaluation of intra-regional relationships in South Asia and of the effect of US policy on Indo-Pakistan and Afghan-Pakistan tensions. It can also be ventured on the strength of a recent dis-



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cussion with Mr. Nehru in New Delhi, and of off-the-record comments the Prime Minister made while in Washington, that a decision to recast the US commitment to Pakistan's security and growth in the new mold of an integrated over-all South Asian policy would go far – possibly very far – to encourage limited forms of joint defense planning in the region as well as more wholehearted Indo-US collaboration in certain world crises (*e.g.*, Laos and Vietnam at present) where national objectives converge.

For their part the Pakistanis have been understandably anxious that the US maintain a proper sense of values. Soon after the first of the U-2 flights in early 1960, the Pakistan Ambassador called at the White House to point out the risks his country invited in permitting the overflights. Doubts had been building up in Washington about where the burgeoning Pakistan aid program would lead (even then it totalled $1.5 billion in military hardware and related "defense support"), and Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker's warnings from New Delhi had served to crystallize widespread official agreement that the 26 B-57 jet bombers which had just been supplied to the Ayub Khan regime would mark the end of Pakistan's escalating modernization in weapons. India had already used scarce foreign exchange to match Pakistan's US-supplied Sabrejets with French Mysteres and British Hunters. When Aziz Ahmed left Mr. Eisenhower, however, he had a firm $33 million promise of a squadron of F-104's equipped with Sidewinder missile systems.

### *Honoring a Commitment*

During the protracted transfer of power in Washington running throughout the last of 1960 and into 1961, India, Pakistan and Afghanistan waited to see what the new Administration would do; and the Indian Defense Ministry, which soon got intelligence on the new commitment, took the precautions of stepping up its own research in supersonic planes (and missiles) and of dispatching some test pilots to Paris and London to try out the Mirage-3 and the Lightning P-1-B. Meanwhile, Mr. Kennedy's desire to improve relations with neutralist regimes and his record of interest in the planned Indian development program aroused hope in New Delhi and Kabul and apprehension in Karachi. A studied effort to mute the Pakistan aid issue was evident in Indian official circles. Much was at stake in the promise of enhanced standing for India in Washington – and much at stake for the Nehru Government, politically speaking, in keeping the Pakistan issue out of the hands of the Hindu Right and Communist opposition in the developing 1962 election campaign.

When a ranking Indian Embassy official made the guarded suggestion early in March that the US might consider helping India to manufacture Sidewinders – or at least, look into the chances of relaxing security restrictions on the sale of the secrecy-cloaked weapon – the Indian public still did not have a hint of Pakistan's interesting new acquisitions from the US. In the years since the signing in 1954 of the US-Pakistan pact, the military aid issue had induced a deepening sense of injury and a latent anti-American animus. But once the furore over the B-57's died down, the China border violations were uppermost in the minds of Indians. An impression took hold that hardware shipments to Pakistan had finally reached their zenith. The efforts of the Indian Government to confine the military aid controversy to a top-secret diplomatic dialogue until the terms of the new relationship with Washington were clear might have been successful had it not been for Ayub Khan's pronouncement, on returning from Washington in mid-July, that the F-104's were about to arrive in Karachi Harbor and that the Sidewinders would not be far behind.

White House advisers recall their rather casual dismissal of the F-104's as a relatively minor residual commitment of the old Administration that simply had to be honored; the timetable of delivery had been left to the State Department and the Pentagon, and it came as a surprise when the jets happened to reach the end of the procurement pipeline just in time to coincide with Ayub's triumphal return. For all of his table-pounding in Congress and on TV, General Ayub was apparently restrained on the subject of military aid when conferring with Mr. Kennedy and satisfied himself with a general assurance that the program was not in imminent danger of discontinuance. On the plane to the LBJ Ranch, Ayub had come down to particulars with Deputy Assistant Defense Secretary William Bundy: there would be support-radar for the F-104's; an acceleration in the delivery of previously-programmed M-47 tanks; and two new items, anti-tank missiles and C-130 turbojet cargo planes, which would give Ayub something to take home to his junior officers and yet could not be said to affect further the broad South Asian military balance. Before he left Washington on July 18, though, General Ayub did learn of the happy coincidence that the F-104's were soon due in Pakistan. It was not his fault if reporters in Karachi – and New Delhi – got the idea that this was something new he had been awarded by an admiring Washington.

The Ayub visit precipitated a slow but discernible change of climate in Indo-US and Afghan-US relations. In the case of Indians who had built up an image of Kennedy as a special friend and benefactor, the reminder that nothing was automatically going to change, after all, in the terms of the US military subsidy for Pakistan, left the unmistakable sensation of having been taken for a ride. Behind the scenes in New



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Delhi the atmosphere was one of reappraisal. In an exploratory mood, certain Indian officers at Air Headquarters revived the question of purchasing or manufacturing Sidewinders when they were visited on August 8 by Brigadier General A. W. Neilson, Deputy Director of the Plans and Policy Directorate (J-5) of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in company with Deputy Assistant Defense Secretary Haydn Williams. As soon as this new overture was reported in Washington, however, Dean Rusk put his opposition to any such deal on record in his weekly report to the President.

Both the Indian and US Governments would no doubt take pains to emphasize that no formal "request" was ever made, that there could thus have been no corresponding "rejection," and that the slate remains clean for future inscription. But it is not as if nothing has happened. In Indian bureaucratic and political circles the drift to a more and more overtly pro-Western orientation set in motion on January 20 gradually lost some of its momentum between August and November. It was indicative of the psychological distance between New Delhi and Washington that at the very moment Americans were taking vocal exception to Krishna Menon's apologia for the Soviet nuclear explosions and suggesting that this was hardly the way to keep a friend, Mr. Menon and like-minded Indians were making the most of the argument that the US is not much of a friend anyway.

There really is little that one Indian can say to another to explain away the simple reality that the US gives highly advanced military equipment to one of India's principal potential enemies and will not even sell equivalent materiel to the Indian armed forces. At best the US is depicted as a patsy for Pakistan generals who are holding Washington to ransom for the use of invaluable border real estate; at worst, as a crypto-imperialist playing the old game of divide and rule. The record of US economic help for the Five Year Plans ($482 million in grants, $760 million in loans and $1.86 billion in agricultural surpluses as of July 1) should suggest that the US places a very high valuation on its relations with India. But the US is dealing in all of Asia and Africa and Latin America with the irrational responses of transitional societies and not with what a few Oxonian bureaucrats may say at a garden party. In the case of India, the nationalist suspicion is that Americans take them for granted, confident that New Delhi's need for US economic aid makes it possible to get away with almost anything and still retain a friend.

By the time of the Nehru visit to Washington in the first week of November the burn was deep and sore. The Prime Minister's silence on the Pakistan question was in its way more eloquent than all the old recriminations. This is not to suggest that nothing was accomplished and that the visit did not disclose considerable opportunity for Indo-US collaboration on world issues. It is precisely because there now exists within Indian officialdom greatly increased support for anti-Chinese political and diplomatic intervention in crisis areas within the traditional Indian sphere of influence in Southeast Asia that past assumptions of US South Asia policy can properly be called into question.

Summing up the visit in a press conference in the Indian capital on November 22, Ambassador John Kenneth Galbraith reported that "we sought quite frankly during the discussion to convey our desire for counsel on our responsibilities and our willingness to share many of our burdens. Sometimes, we Americans feel like Atlas as we look at the problems of the world." He had in mind specifically what was a characteristically businesslike American effort to interest the Indians in sharing the burden in Vietnam through a more forthright role as chairman of the International Control Commission. Mr. Kennedy is said to have expressed his views on the matter to Mr. Nehru at the very outset aboard the "Honey Fitz" and to have found the Prime Minister "not very forthcoming." When Mr. Nehru finally did loosen up he dwelt on the initially nationalist character of the Viet Minh and pointed to Ho Chi Minh's pro-Moscow leanings in the Sino-Soviet rivalry to underscore the historic Vietnamese antipathy toward China. He was vague and noncommittal as to what India would do, but he said nothing that was inconsistent with the more explicit line spelled out when Foreign Secretary M. J. Desai joined Dean Rusk, Deputy Undersecretary Alexis Johnson, policy planner Walt Rostow and Assistant Secretary Phillips Talbot in a memorable series of State Department conferences on November 9.

### *Consensus on Vietnam*

It was memorable that India on her part was ready to concede without equivocation the common objective of maintaining a non-Communist Saigon regime and that the US was prepared "to talk to the Indians like grown-ups." With each side taking the other into confidence to a most unprecedented degree the discussion led to a substantial consensus. The US would press Diem to liberalize his regime and to give the ICC support as well as more specific information to back up anti-Viet Minh charges; and India would try to look the other way when outsized contingents of US military advisers or questionable military equipment (but not US combat personnel) turned up. Possibly most important, the Indians would do their best to "hold the flank" by helping to insulate the Laotian border. First the US had to give genuine support to the creation of a coalition Souvanna Phouma regime so that an internationally accepted government could be



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constituted; then the Indian chairman of the Control Commission in Laos would set up monitoring posts to check guerrilla entry into Vietnam. The Indian political capital accumulated in the course of five years of cooperation with Souvanna Phouma and his followers could be cashed in to encourage non-Communist political evolution in Vientiane.

Before he left US soil, Nehru announced replacement of the superannuated Indian chairman of the ICC in Saigon by a vigorous younger diplomat; and on November 16, the North Vietnam Consul was advised at the External Affairs Ministry in New Delhi that the Hanoi regime would thereafter be expected to provide more effective cooperation with the ICC. Still, one must treat with reserve the optimism of Secretary Rusk when he sees "some real prospect" that Indian representatives in Saigon will perform "vigorously" to denounce Viet Minh support of the guerrillas. For what the Indian Government can do will depend, in the final analysis, on the general climate of its relations with Washington; and this, in turn, will be determined in good part by US military aid policy.

Mr. Nehru has surprisingly little elbow room in the conduct of his diplomacy. He is under great pressure from business-dominated conservative factions in the Congress Party to move closer to the US. But even if he wanted to cater to the Right, which he does not, he would hesitate to transgress the limits set by the fluctuating strength of the Left. The unity of the Congress Party as the only nationwide party now capable of governing India is his overriding preoccupation.

While it may still be true, as it is often said, that Krishna Menon's strength is mainly an extension of Nehru's, it is also now a fact of Indian political life that Menon and several loosely allied Congress Left leaders have come to be the recognized spokesmen for a growing body of radical-nationalist sentiment. The Congress Left has taken on a more than ordinarily ominous aspect in the wake of the Vijayawada convention of the Indian Communist Party with its frank program for infiltrating the ranks of "progressive forces" inside the Congress – "the bulk of our potential allies." Although sections of Indian Communism are tied to Peking, most of the national Party leadership is now overtly pro-Soviet, deplores the Chinese border violations, and promotes what is the most vigorous united front campaign seen in India since the mid-Thirties.

Communist election propaganda makes much of US military aid to Pakistan, which would have its attractions under any circumstances but has special value, at the moment, as a means of diluting the China issue. "When President Kennedy pours huge quantities of military hardware into Pakistan and equips her military machine with supersonic planes," said the Party manifesto issued three weeks ago, "the Government of India, strange as it may seem, indulges in public adulation of the Kennedy Administration! The Congress rulers refuse to call such military aid an unfriendly act. . . . Evidently the US dollars flowing into our country are choking the voice of the government." Though the Congress Left leaders are constrained by their own party platform, one finds indirect reinforcement of the CP line in the political weeklies *Link* (identified with Defense Minister Menon) and the newly-launched *Socialist Congressman* (a vehicle for the views of Oil and Mines Minister K. D. Malaviya). *Link* stresses the "stiff" prices of British and French aircraft and suggests the MIG-21 as the answer to the F-104's. It disputes the impression that "armament procured from the Soviet Union may produce problems of adjustment for an army used to Western types" and concludes that "the maintenance of Russian equipment and the availability of spare parts and replacements are not considered such serious problems as they are being made out to be."

In contrast to the Communists, who use military aid to fan anti-US sentiment, the Hindu Right exploits it for anti-Moslem purposes. Fear of Pakistan accents tension between India's Hindu majority and an increasingly assertive Moslem minority of 43 million (there are 80 million Moslems in Pakistan). When Indian Moslem religious leaders organized a convention in July and established an Islamic political identity distinct from Nehru and the Congress for the first time since Independence, the Hindu Right parties, linking this with the military aid issue and with minor skirmishes in "invaded" areas along the Pakistan border, rapidly multiplied their own Hindu following. Thus, instead of focusing public attention on the China threat, Hindu Right groups cry that the country faces twin dangers – Pakistan and China. Their appeal to a "surrounded" people is a confused and slightly paranoiac variety of nationalism, obsessed with state power for its own sake. The Jan Sangh election platform pleads for the wholesale transfusion of resources into missile plants and other defense industries.

### *Afghanistan and the USSR*

If one finds the mutual antagonisms of otherwise rational Indians, Pakistanis and Afghans beyond comprehension it is helpful to refer back to the historical record of the 700-year Moghul dominion over the Hindus and to the near-million left dead in the streets in the riots accompanying Partition. The Raj ended with all parties concerned in one degree or another disillusioned and dissatisfied. The Kashmir dispute was not the only problem inherent in the new map of the region. When Pakistan was carved out of British India, the disposition of the Pushtu-speaking areas straddling



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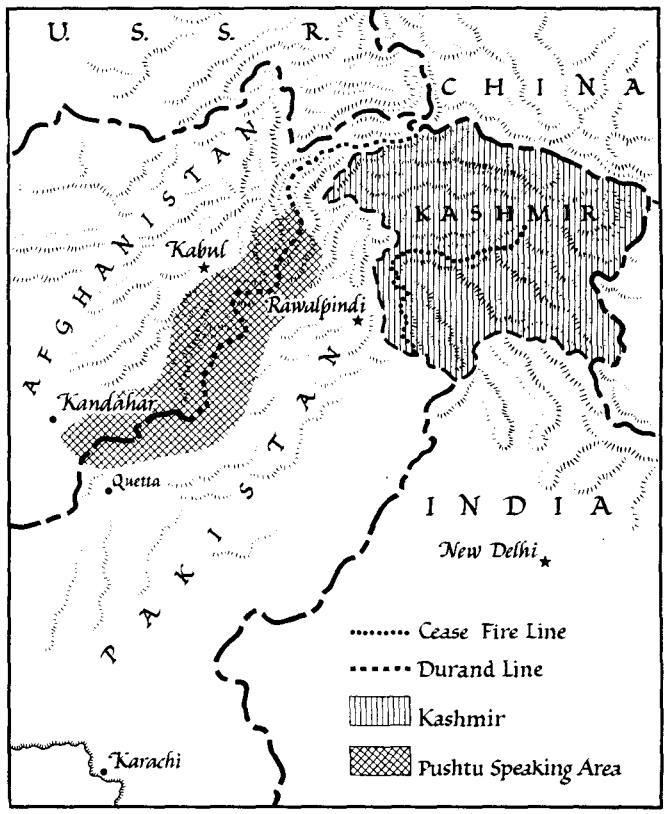
the Khyber Pass and the adjacent Northwest Frontier (see map) was left unsolved. The contested tribesmen (roughly four million on the Afghan side of the disputed Durand line, five million in Pakistan) are asserted to be a distinct Afghan-related nation by the Afghans (backed by the Soviet Union), and Kabul has never accepted the right of the Pakistan Government to integrate the tribal belt into a centralized state.

Against the background of the "Pushtunistan" issue the US decision to sign up Pakistan as a military ally in 1954 was certain to aggravate Pakistan-Afghan differences and to occasion heightened Soviet interest in Afghanistan. A year-long Pakistani slowdown of Afghan exports shipped via Karachi led in 1955 to widespread rerouting of Afghan trade through the Soviet Union and to a Kabul visit by Khrushchev and Bulganin which marked Afghan acceptance of the first installment of a $260 million Soviet line of credit ($74 million of this in tanks, jets and other military aid countering the US military aid program in Pakistan).

What was in 1954 a 10 percent Soviet share in Afghan trade has now become 50 percent. As Pakistan-Afghan relations have deteriorated, the US has become progressively identified in the Afghan view with the Pakistan side – though this has not deterred the Afghans from a neutralist foreign policy encouraging US as well as Soviet aid. It was a US-supplied plane which Ayub Khan used to strafe a troublesome Pushtu chieftain's village last May; the State Department complained, but Ayub paid no attention and later got the President to sign a communique at the end of his Washington visit which said that military aid was being given so that Pakistan "could maintain forces for the preservation of its security" – omitting the standard reference to Communist aggression as the sole threat to Pakistan recognized as legitimate by the US.

On August 31 the Afghan-Pakistan rift reached a seemingly insoluble impasse when Ayub, without informing the US, ordered all Afghan trade agencies and consulates in Pakistan to close down on charges of abetting Pushtunistan agitation. This soon led to a rupture in diplomatic relations, a cutoff of the Western-oriented portion of Afghan trade and to Pakistan edicts blocking the seasonal movement of some 300,000 *powindah* nomads back and forth between the two countries. Four hundred of the nomads were killed in border clashes last week, but a more portentous consequence of the stalemate has been the abrupt increase in Soviet-Afghan trade and in Afghan traders' dependence on Soviet transit access to the outside world.

For the United States the trade rupture has meant an interruption of aid shipments which must either be shipped in through Soviet territory or be left to pile up at railheads on the Pakistan-Afghanistan border. In the absence of a settlement by the start of the next




construction season in April, plans for as much as $300 million in US aid contributions to the projected Afghan Five Year Plan – notably the Kabul-Kandahar road and the Helmand Valley hydroelectric project – will have to be re-examined and much of the program possibly abandoned. Moreover, much as the Afghan royal family might dislike the idea of dependence on Moscow, little doubt exists that should large-scale US aid become logistically impracticable, the inevitable Soviet aid offers would be accepted. For the revolution of rising expectations has reached the Afghan fastnesses, and the Daud Khan government has tied its fortunes to economic growth.

The equally unbending posture assumed on both sides has demonstrated that the notion of US "control" or "leverage" over its ally is slightly ridiculous. Actually, the Ayub Khan regime does not appear overly alarmed at the prospect of an end to Afghan neutralism. Whatever its disadvantages, an Afghanistan available for the use of the Soviet military would provide renewed assurance of uncritical US support for the Ayub armed forces and for the yet to be firmly established Ayub dictatorship.

Pakistani fears that the US intends to "abandon" her in favor of an Indian-oriented policy are to a great extent justified by the sloppy sentimentality characteristic of some US thinking on India and Nehru, and by the assumption long implicit in Mr. Dulles' South Asia policy that a choice had to be made between India



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and Pakistan – that the US could not be friends with both. The anxieties of Pakistan could be moderated, however, if it were made quite clear that US policy is to rest on a new set of assumptions in which South Asia will be viewed as an interdependent whole.

Stabilization of the Ayub regime on a broader basis of popular consent should be a short-run objective of US policy in South Asia. And in the long term, the commitment of the US to Pakistan's security and growth should be broadened – not weakened – as part of an integrated approach to the region. The interaction between the South Asian countries is so complete that a political cancer in one would quickly infect the others. If a post-Nehru leadership should embrace the slogans of Hindu chauvinism, Pakistan would have good reason to fear for its national life. Similarly, the resurgence of religious or regional strife within India might embolden fanatic Moslem officers in the Pakistan armed forces to engage in aggressive adventures.

### *A New Commitment to Pakistan*

But the difficult question is not whether the US should broaden its general commitment to a strengthened Pakistan. It is whether the commitment to her security can be fulfilled while phasing out the end of a program of direct military aid grants which seriously complicates intra-regional tensions as well as US-South Asian relations. My own thoughts on possible steps in a planned transition to a politically supportable basis for aiding the Pakistan armed forces have been spelled out (*NR*, September 7, 1959). In essence the idea is to move toward the indirect form of defense support implicit in economic aid to India. Increased funds loaned and granted for development and for general budgetary support would release other funds for military spending. The distinction between direct and indirect military aid may seem academic, but it makes an enormous political difference that in the Indian case, the Indians shop for themselves in world arms markets and have to make the hard financial choices determining the purchase of one kind of hardware as against another. The decisions are theirs, and because the hardware has to be paid for out of limited resources with its cost added onto the national debt, the fact that they have it is blamed on them. In Pakistan, the onus is on the US for each and every gift parcel to reach the Ayub armory – in the eyes not only of the Indians and Afghans but of the anti-government dissidents who may someday rule Pakistan.

Should the Kennedy Administration conclude that the assets accruing from military aid to Pakistan outweigh the liabilities and that a change would be too risky, the US would then confront with particular urgency the sensitive issue of offering military sales to neutralist India. The judgment pronounced by some authoritative Indians that a squadron of 12 F-104's equipped with several hundred Sidewinders could "destroy an air umbrella" and neutralize a far larger force of India's best planes in a battle, say, over Kashmir, may or may not be militarily sound. But whatever the military balance between the two countries, the political compulsion in India will be to match or outdo Pakistan.

In responding to the Indian explorations on the matter of Sidewinders, the US has had to call attention to Section 124.04 (Title 22) of the US Code, which forbids the transmittal of classified military information abroad unless "certain security arrangements" are in existence assuring the US that its classified information will be "properly protected" abroad. If in fact a US policy decision were made in favor of the sale of Sidewinders or of assisting in their manufacture in India, the Indian Government would have to satisfy this proviso by agreeing to the admission of US inspectors in its arsenals or, at the very least, by entering into written commitments spelling out the nature of its security arrangements. The very thought ruffles nationalist sensibilities. However, one gets the impression that security restrictions might at some point be acceptable in the case of assistance in developing an indigenous missile manufacturing capacity.

As a practical matter the liberalization of Pentagon policy would have little concrete immediate effect because Defense Minister Menon frowns on the idea of a US-assisted military buildup. Mr. Menon's purposes are best served when he can use the US-Pakistan specter as a pretext for extending his empire of state-operated defense industries with their politically significant affiliated network of subcontractors. But there are also those in high places in India who fear future difficulties with China somewhat more than Mr. Menon and believe that India will in the end need a much closer military relationship with Washington.

The intensifying Indian conflict with the Chinese offers a momentous opportunity for the consolidation of closer US ties with New Delhi. Yet at the same time it heightens Indian solicitude for the Soviet Union as a natural ally in a geopolitical triangle. The Prime Minister reiterated privately in Washington his belief that Mr. Khrushchev sees India as a future bulwark against China and that it is in the Soviet interest to help restrain Peking. Indian indignation in the face of Chinese bellicosity is not likely to be converted into a broader base of pro-US sentiment unless the emotional impediment of military aid to Pakistan can be removed. Instead the mood of Indian nationalism might well become a pro-Soviet amalgam of "anti's"– anti-Chinese, anti-Pakistan, anti-West. It is this possibility which should, in my view, figure most prominently in the calculus of US policy planning in South Asia.



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# Who Says We're Soft?

Here is a suggestion offered gratis to the industrious investigators of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara, California. That outfit is now conducting an inquiry into the character, if any, of the American people, and a recent incident in Baltimore ought to prove something about it – although what, is not immediately apparent – so it is herewith offered in the pure spirit of Science.

A year ago the authorities of the city-owned Baltimore Museum of Art scared themselves to death by undertaking a whopping contract. They had learned that there was available in the Netherlands a fine collection of the work of Vincent Van Gogh and they undertook to bring it here for a month's showing. The Dutch cooperated handsomely, but even so the items of transportation, insurance, handling and so on would run to $50,000 or more and that, to the Baltimore Museum, is folding money. Even after Boston, Cleveland and Buffalo had agreed to take the show for the rest of the winter, the local people were apprehensive, being responsible for that 50 grand.

If it had been art of a different kind, they would have slept better. Years ago they brought Whistler's Mother to town and 25,000 people came to see it. Some thought that a collection of Landseer or Rosa Bonheur would have brought twice as many, but Van Gogh – ! Optimists figured that 10,000 would pay a dollar admission fee, and with that start they might sweat the rest out of wealthy patrons. So with fear and trembling they put it on – and 93,000 people came out to view it. Even after deducting 26,000 school children admitted free, it was so terrific that the Museum has paid all expenses and has a few dollars left over.

It would be interesting to hear what Santa Barbara can deduce from this. It is a fair test, for it happened in Baltimore, a seaport and industrial city so utterly commonplace that nobody south of the Patuxent or north of the Susquehanna can remember that it exists. Not Chester, Pennsylvania, not Rahway, New Jersey, can possibly be less exceptional than Baltimore.

And they like Van Gogh. To be sure, the wild Dutchman was no Klee or Marin, but compared, say, to Ingres or David, Van Gogh is rough stuff. He is to all weeping-willow schools as white mule is to benedictine. And Baltimoreans, which is to say undistinguished Americans, like him! This gives rise to an interesting speculation. Is it possible that there yet lingers in this people some remainder of the sentiment of the late Onion Jones, the Western cattleman who liked his likker to burn him? Is it possible to discover among us a still surviving taste for harsh truth over sweetly sentimental lies?

If the answer is in the affirmative, then a large proportion of our leadership has been advancing to the rear for an astonishing length of time. The usual assumption is to the contrary. The public prints are loaded with the lamentation of Catos convinced that long prosperity has rendered us too fat and greasy to be able to endure any strenuous exertion.

It is undeniable that for a population of nearly 200 million we are the best-fed, best-clothed, best-housed group of such size that the world has ever seen; and the puritan philosophy, whether preached by Calvin, Jansen, or Simeon Stylites, has ever held that even relatively easy living inevitably leads to physical and moral deterioration. If that philosophy is sound, it must be assumed that the American character is indeed in a bad way. But is it sound?

The evidence usually adduced is not conclusive. Biologically, a well-nourished man is stronger and ordinarily bolder than one who has been half-starved all his life. A population clothed and housed well enough to eliminate typhus and to reduce tuberculosis to manageable proportions is not the worse physically for those advantages. The inquiry, then, would seem to be reduced to the realm of the moral and intellectual. Does physical fitness predispose a people to the assimulation of nothing other than intellectual pap?

That is what lends interest to the popular response in a typical city to the Van Gogh show. Grant that the old boy is leagues behind the artistic *avant garde*, yet the fact remains that he is not pap. The 93,000 who responded to him are no proof that run-of-the-mine Americans are yet responsive to Jackson Pollock or even Picasso, but it does suggest that political and business leaders might be well advised to offer them something rather more advanced than the intellectual equivalent of Landseer and Bonheur.

At any rate, it would be interesting to have the Santa Barbara people look into it. Who knows? They might wind up as pleased and astonished as the authorities of the Baltimore Museum of Art.



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# Is Britain Munich-Minded?

*by L. W. Martin*

Prime Minister Macmillan at Birch Grove the weekend of November 25, attempting to draw General de Gaulle to the conference table, was dancing a role now classic in the NATO ballet: the British apostle of moderation and mediation. All through the summer and fall the British have been as anxious to argue the advantages of negotiating with the Russians as de Gaulle and Adenauer have been to prophesy the perilousness of such action. The US, with its "double-barreled" policy on Berlin, again in thoroughly familiar style, has alternately smiled and frowned on each of its principal European partners.

At present, when the US wishes to get talks under way, Britain seems a tolerable ally against de Gaulle's intransigence. But when, as earlier this year, the primary concern is to present a tough front, Britain falls into very bad odor. Mr. Joseph Alsop and like-minded commentators talk of Munich and the notorious British record of appeasement; last month's issue of *Encounter* carried a particularly searing accusation, by a German journalist long resident in England, to the effect that the whole country is rotten with the spirit of surrender.

These exasperated outbursts have somewhat obscured the fact that the British record on Berlin has been one of considerable firmness. It is almost entirely forgotten now that it was the British Labour Government that brought back Ernst Reuter to become the fighting mayor of Berlin, over American objections, or that the British led in introducing West German currency to Berlin and stood firm in the ensuing blockade. Moreover, the integration of the radio station of the British sector into the West German broadcasting system was a much more forceful symbol of determination than the maintenance of the much more famous RIAS, the independent radio in the American sector. As to the immediate crisis, in a Gallup Poll this summer 68 percent of the British expressed the view that Britain must support a tough stand on Berlin if America and France decide it is necessary; only 18 percent voted against. It goes without saying that British officials have made all the appropriate declarations that neither the freedom of West Berlin nor Western access to it can be surrendered. Lord Home has recently warned that "negotiation is not an incantation that can be repeated and will resolve everything."

It is useless to pretend, however, that such declarations are conclusive. While the record suggests that Britain would stand firm if Russia made a frontal assault on fundamental Western rights, a wide range of policies can be pursued within these limits. Recent months have made it quite apparent that the British Government and people would welcome negotiation aimed at a compromise settlement and hope for what, to many in the United States, seems tolerable, if at all, only as a last resort. Thus Britain finds itself once more in the mediating role it has so often played in the past.

For Britain has tried to moderate American policy more than once during the cold and not so cold war. There was Mr. Attlee's flight to Washington to argue against extending the war or using nuclear weapons in Korea, Sir Anthony Eden's refusal to countenance intervention in Indo-China in 1954 and the similar position taken with regard to the Quemoy-Matsu crises. There has also been the criticism of American action in the Cuban, U-2 and RB-47 incidents, the whole question of recognizing Red China, and, as background to all this, the continued efforts of Churchill and Macmillan to promote summit diplomacy, with its implication that the differences between East and West are negotiable.

Admittedly, there is a marked absence of conciliation in British policy within areas such as the Middle East, where British interests are peculiarly strong. But in such instances Britain is patently uneasy and the most extreme instance of tough action, the Suez affair – executed by a man obsessed with Munich and the dangers of appeasement – is generally acknowledged to have been an aberration from the normal.

Many of the accusations of "appeasement" suggest timidity or "softness on Communism" as explanation. In a perverse way there's a grain of truth here. Britain's vulnerability as the world's best target, coupled with some practical experience of being bombed, has given rise to a lively anticipation of the sacrifice that major war would entail. Even those who honestly face the need for contemplating ultimate resort to force cannot cast off this underlying revulsion. As to "softness" toward Communism, it is true that British opinion does not fully share American zeal for pursuing ideological aspects of the Cold War. In addition to its tra-

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L. W. Martin *is an Associate Professor of European Diplomacy at the School of Advanced International Studies in Washington, D. C. He is British but has lived for some years in the United States.*



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ditional Christian-pacifist internationalism, the British Left, while as hostile to Communism as any sensible Social-Democrat who wants to survive either personally or politically must be, feels a certain regard for the Soviet Union as an exponent of social planning and a matching uneasiness whenever the United States attempts to propagate the virtues of free enterprise. The British Right, for its part, takes a self-conscious if not always justified pride in regarding foreign policy as a businesslike adjustment of interests best kept free of distracting ideological illusions.

This pragamatic view to which the Conservatives like to lay proprietorial claim is in fact almost universally held in Britain and is considered to be the result of long historical experience in which extreme dependence on commerce has engendered the conviction that peace and stability within which economic pursuits can flourish is very nearly the prime national interest. Sir Harold Nicolson has described this "mercantile or shopkeeper" theory in detail as one "based upon the assumption that a compromise between rivalries is generally more profitable than the complete destruction of the rival. That negotiation is not a mere phase in a death-struggle, but an attempt by mutual concession to reach some durable understanding. That questions of prestige should not be allowed to interfere unduly with a sound business deal."

Such an outlook is naturally receptive to "appeasement" in the sense that the word had when it entered the language of diplomacy after World War I: that is, pacification by conciliation and redress of grievances on the theory that it is cheaper – and more moral – to take the steam out of an opponent in this way than to fight him. Thus Field Marshal Smuts intended only a compliment when in 1923 he extolled Britain as champion of "the great cause of appeasement."

We do not fully understand what happened at Munich, let alone whether it was analogous to our present dilemmas, but to many in Britain it is not obvious that the unhappy sequel to those negotiations necessarily invalidates the technique for all time. As recently as 1950 Winston Churchill pointed out that "appeasement in itself may be either good or bad according to circumstances. Appeasement from weakness and fear is alike futile and fatal. Appeasement from strength is magnanimous and noble and might be the surest and perhaps the only path to world peace." Here Churchill both testified to the British realist's interest in the notion of appeasement and warned against its abuse.

To those who argue that the boundless aims of the Soviet Union make it useless and dangerous to negotiate, there are a number of typical replies to be found in British commentaries. In the first place, a good deal of British opinion, probably including that of the Prime Minister, believes that some Russian demands in Europe arise from genuine fears for their security, especially *vis à vis* a Germany armed with nuclear weapons, and that those points therefore have real bargaining value. Secondly, the apparently long-range timetable of Soviet ambition makes it possible to conceive of at least intermediate detentes. Thirdly, the West should not preclude itself from abandoning unsatisfactory policies or positions which weaken it, merely for the sake of erecting "no retreat" into an absolute principle. To do so, either militarily or politically, would allow the Soviet Union to decide where all our engagements should be fought. Fourthly, even if no agreement with the Soviet Union is possible in any particular case, negotiation offers an opportunity to expose propaganda gestures, and by conspicuous demonstrations of reasonableness, brace Western public opinion for an ultimate firm stand and put the Western case in the best light before neutrals. The prerequisites for this, of course, are a careful explanation to the public of the tentative nature of the exploration and a clear understanding that even if agreements are reached, they must be maintained by power and not merely by the consent of the other side.

Faith in the virtues of international negotiation is also undoubtedly reinforced by the high value placed on compromise in other areas of British public life. Breaking deadlocks is regarded as the highest achievement of statesmanship, as one can observe today in the almost sporting interest taken in the tightrope walking

## *"A Munich in the Making"*

British public opinion is now practically agreed that Mr. Khrushchev should have his way in having German division in some form or other internationally signed and sealed, and that in particular the existing East German State, which has just had to resort to the physical walling-in of its citizens in order to prevent them from running away from it, should be accepted by the Western Powers as legitimate, permanent and sacrosanct. Some of those advocating this do so in a tone of regret, some in a tone of cheerful realism, some in one of undisguised glee. . . . The over-all impression, therefore, is that of a Munich in the making. . . . If it comes about this settlement will, like the original Munich of 1938, be advertised as a triumph of Western statesmanship, a successful defense of Berlin, and, if necessary, as the salvation of peace – peace without honor, peace in our time. Again like the original Munich, it will be overwhelmingly popular in Britain, though I daresay some people will feel a little ashamed.

– SEBASTIAN HAFFNER, *Encounter*, Oct., 1961



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skill of various colonial secretaries as they pursue the complex constitutional negotiations with emergent African nations. The whole committee structure of British public administration puts a similar premium on "splitting the difference."

It is here that the special role which the British cherish within the alliance comes into play. Crediting themselves with a peculiar talent for this kind of thing, they are not inclined to believe America shares the same ability. Nor is America credited with the requisite willingness to bide its time. Sir William Hayter, a recent British ambassador to Moscow, expressed a widely-held view last year when he wrote that "patience is not a typically American quality, but it is one of the highest diplomatic virtues." During the present crisis even a Conservative paper like the *Sunday Times* has accused America of acting as if "thinking before you go to war is appeasement," and the liberal *Observer* worries about "scare speeches by Generals and the Senatorial lunatic fringe."

Thus the British like to think of themselves as guardians of flexibility and moderation within the alliance, opposing both American extremists and Franco-German diehards. They also see a tactical advantage in having one member of the alliance skirmish ahead without committing the whole group, a tactic Mr. Gaitskell recently endorsed. Britain has thus appointed herself unofficial kiteflyer to the alliance. It was to this notion that a right-wing British journalist was appealing when he concluded this summer that "it is time for Albion to be perfidious again." It is important to recognize, however, that this is to be done within the Western Alliance, as a creative member; it is not the neutralist idea, for which only negligible support could be found in Britain, of playing honest broker between the two sides in the Cold War.

### *The Search for the Spotlight*

The sharp decline in relative British power, which itself makes Britain more resigned to compromise, likewise makes the role of mediator all the more attractive to British leaders like Eden and Macmillan because it allows them to cut a wider diplomatic swath than a strict estimate of British power might warrant. It also flatters the British conviction that they enjoy a "special relationship" with America which the Continental powers do not share. The role thus serves the domestic interests of British leaders and, by demonstrating to the public that Britain is no mere satellite, may strengthen popular loyalty to the American Alliance.

Now there is obviously a good deal of scope for hypocrisy and self-delusion here, which is what the "hard-boiled" critics of Britain fear. Respect for the inevitable can lead to the progressive abandonment of all effort. Meager British military contributions to a demonstration of Western firmness have been a little influenced by the fear that conventional reinforcements to NATO will weaken the credibility of nuclear deterrence, but even more by the reluctance of the Macmillan Government to resume conscription.

Ultimately, of course, the respect due British pretensions to creative intervention must be greatly affected by what substantive proposals they may be able to offer beyond the clichés of freedom for West Berlin and Western access to it. British interest runs toward trading a new treaty guaranteeing a free Berlin and Western access to it (probably with a UN presence), for concessions drawn from recognition of the Oder-Neisse line, more *de facto* recognition of East Germany, and possible assurances to the Soviet Union about German forces and the general military set-up in Central Europe. There is no doubt that Britain has been persistently attracted by projects for disengagement. Eden's suggestions at the Geneva summit conferences were the earliest explorations at that level, and captured British imagination. It is not generally realized in America how deep an impression George Kennan made in Britain by his Reith lectures on the BBC, or how heavily British opinion took Kennan's side in the subsequent intervention by Mr. Acheson. Labour Party demands for a revival of the idea of disengagement certainly have an appeal beyond party politics.

Probably there is not much ground for believing the two sides can agree on disengagement now, though the British are encouraged by the conviction that Russian fears of German nuclear armament are genuine. According to one British view, the significance of Berlin to Mr. Khrushchev has several times changed, being at first, early in the fifties, a lever for securing restrictions on German rearmament, then, failing success, a stick to stir up tension to see what happened, and, only briefly as a result of the refugees, an intrinsic interest. Now, it is thought, the city may be reverting to its former role of a lever in the adjustment of the European strategic balance.

Certainly any prospect of disengagement will be eagerly pursued in Britain if only because, though grandiose hopes of liberalizing Eastern Europe are no longer taken seriously, it is disengagement that comes closest to holding out residual hope of ultimate limited reassociation between the two Germanys. Only such a prospect, however remote, many British commentators believe, can preserve West Berlin from final and complete absurdity.

These are perhaps not massive contributions toward breaking the deadlock and many may feel that Britain has labored to bring forth mice. To most of the British however, it is regarded as something if the mountain is visibly in labor.



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# *St. John Perse: Time Confronted*

*by Katherine Garrison Chapin*

"We had a rendezvous with the end of an age. Do we find ourselves with men of another age?" wrote St. John Perse in *Winds* in 1945. Fifteen years later he salutes a "great age" in *Chronique*, and it is tempting to speculate whether this is the end of the same era, the beginning of another, or the pinnacle of a human span. The answer that it is all three puts us at once into the center of Perse's poetic ambiguity. The poet is still, as in *Winds*, "homme parlant dans l'equivoque," the meanings many-layered, the language elliptical and compelling.

*Chronique*
by St. John Perse
English translation
by Robert Fitzgerald
(Pantheon-Bollingen; $3)

In *Chronique* only the mood has changed. The opening lines hold an image of tranquility, of contemplation. It is sunset, the end of a day, and we are lifted to a height whence the view of sky becomes "the whole lighted space of the century." But at once the poem is charged with Perse's urgency, his look forward.

> "Great age, behold us. Coolness of evening on the heights, breath of the open sea on every threshold, and our foreheads bared for wider spaces . . ."

The age is *now*, time taken at a climax and we stand with the man of evening "while the great rose of the years turns round his serene brow."

Published in France a year before Perse was given the Nobel Prize of 1960, *Chronique* is a short poem, of apparent simplicity, that might stand as a footnote to his long philosophic epics. It is another view in that history of man's spiritual drama – his *histoire de l'âme* – which Perse has been writing all his life in a style he established for himself fifty years ago and has changed but little since, and which Conrad Aiken has praised for its "rich free association," and "majestic centripetal design." Written in long rhythmical lines, the poem has an elaborate metric and inner rhyming, perceptible only in the French. Translations are apt to sound like poetic prose, but the flavor and power of the poem reach us in Mr. Fitzgerald's English, often with words of great freshness: "the big country girls who lean against door jambs, smelling of dusk and night, like a jar of wine in the shade."

Although the voice that speaks is never personal, the opening serenity suggests a human situation, as if we saw the poet, clearly for once. But it is autobiographical only in the most general sense; the progress of man, wanderer in time over the earth, his face toward the future, and his quest to pierce the mystery of his being. He is mingled with the biography of the earth, the unfolding of geologic eras, "earth moving in its age and in its lofty idiom." The drama is rendered through the cosmic element of earth as in *Rains*, *Snows* and *Winds*. The French word *Chronique* carries overtones of the Greek Cronos, the earth god, father of Zeus, whose name became synonymous with age and time.

This sense of time is not a new element, although Perse has always had his particular approach, original and modern. He has never written of linear time, or historic time – his epics have no hero and there is no chronology. Each poem is of the instant, the moment of being. *Eloges* evokes a time of childhood in tropical islands, recalls a view of peculiar freshness and innocence, and exists without nostalgia, in the "now." In *Images à Crusoé*, like the ship-wrecked mariner, he awaits the summons of a wind that will blow him toward a new destiny, a new era. In *Anabase* time past and time future merge in the migratory processional of man as builder and breaker. In *Exile* war's violence has broken life's continuity, "a century veils itself before the lapses of history," and time adds enforced patience to separation and waiting. In *Winds* Perse characterizes a past age, "rustling in the dry sounds of its straw," and speaks of the western movement of man – as explorer, colonizer, inventor; and concedes the passing of time sufficiently to tell us "it was yesterday, the winds fell silent"; and of the future "there is a world to be born under your footsteps." *Seamarks*, his reincarnation of the universe in terms of the sea, acknowledges the eternal continuity of love, "one same wave throughout the world, one same wave since Troy."

No poem of Perse is ever a valedictory – it is always "hail," and never "farewell." He sees the beginning of a new era not with doubt or fear, but with eagerness for what the rising winds, the ever opening spaces of the sky, fresh creations and discoveries, new birth worthy of the lamp of Lucina, ancient goddess-of-birth, will bring forth. He does not dread the atomic

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age. In accepting the Nobel Prize, he expressed the same confidence.

> "The worst catastrophes of history are but seasonal rhythms in a vaster cycle of repetitions and renewals. . . . Growing civilizations do not perish from the pangs of one autumn; they merely shed their leaves. Inertia is the only mortal danger."

"Divine turbulence be ours," he cries. For prophecies of doom he has only contempt: "Great age, you lied: a road of glowing embers, not of ash." Age does not bring surrender, there is no dust in the mouth. Even if our kingdom is brief – the hour before the night – death crosses in vain our paths, "we live on what is beyond death, and on death itself shall we live."

The brevity of *Chronique* seems to add clarity, both to its direction and its emotion. The poem could be read as a paean of praise for the world – a "profusion of being" of "passion and power." As long as the earth lasts its eras will follow each other, "earth, more wrinkled than sorrows of the Moors."

Through Perse runs a persistent sense of mystery, though he gives it no name. Here it is the mystery of the poet, wanderer, dreamer, whose face is not known, who owns no land or property, who has plundered the hidden sanctuaries of the world to bring back knowledge of life and death. Like a mariner from the high seas the poet returns, but "no family flagstone rings with his stride"; "the voyage is made and not made, the thing is said and not said." From whence came "this quick of the soul," he asks; who led us to fortune wandering on the waters, and "what hand arrays us in this burning tunic of fable?" The world is spread before us "like a repast offered on every table" but there is no Host. Do we know who we are or "toward what species we are advancing?"

Night falls and the threads of sequence are drawn together. The cycle of time returns to its beginning. Perse, with a plea for a new élite to arise, "of very tall trees on the earth, like a tribe of great souls that shall hold us of their council," returns again to the vital center of his belief: "Great age, behold us. Take a measure of man's heart."

# *Fromm's Effort to Rescue Marx*

*by Alexander Welsh*

"Socialism is the abolition of human self-alienation, the return of man as a real human being." The definition is that of Erich Fromm, who pursues the hope for non-alienated man in ever widening paths. This small book is a hasty but largely successful polemic, an effort to rescue Marx from the anti-

*Marx's Concept of Man*
by Erich Fromm
(Frederick Ungar, $4.75; paper, $1.75)

Marxists, from the Marxists themselves, and from Daniel Bell.

The "means of production," then, are merely the economic manifestation of something more important: the issue of a "productive life" for individuals – the psychologistic equivalent of "the good life." Marx teaches the necessity of achieving a productive life, of self-realization, of relating oneself to nature and to other human beings. Whatever one may think of this emphasis, Fromm has performed an important service by including as the second half of his book a substantial selection from Marx's *Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts*, translated by T. B. Bottomore. This selection deserves study – if only to understand that our cold-war enemies have, or had at one time, a constructive as well as a destructive philosophy. The attack on private property, for example, has a humanistic basis. Private property, Marx argues, is the product of alienated labor – "all the physical and intellectual senses have been replaced . . . by the sense of having." Thus freedom, under Communism, will mean the "emancipation of all the human qualities and senses" from the psychological tyranny of property.

By alienation, Fromm insists, he means the same thing as "idolatry" in the Old Testament and "sin" in the new existentialist theology. He confronts this evil with Prophetic Messianism, Meister Eckhart and Zen Buddhism, "the spiritual . . . nontheistic tradition which stretches . . . from Spinoza and Goethe to Hegel" – and Karl Marx. Is this characteristic synthesis really necessary to Fromm's purposes?

The book three times repeats that Marx reread Aeschylus (along with Shakespeare) every year. What Fromm's argument diminishes, nevertheless, is the Promethean, revolutionary spirit of its subject. The chorus in Aeschylus conceives a day in which Prometheus "will be free from chains and hold a power no less than Zeus." Marx studied the alienation of labor in order to demonstrate the injustice of capital, "the exploitation of man by man"; his class revolution would confer on the proletariat a power like the power of Zeus. Only in passing does Fromm admit that Marx applied his concept of alienation chiefly to the working class, who have nothing to lose but their chains. But the alienation that worries Fromm is not that of the underdog, but the alienation of the "middle" and ruling class, a class in danger of being destroyed by its own creations, science and politics.

The protest of Erich Fromm belongs to a different tradition. He is not the one who will bring the world to justice. His dissenting essay in the arms-control issue of *Daedalus*, his new book on foreign policy are peripheral to his original concern: his politics are flooded with the light of sanity but will remain politically ineffective in an insane world. Fromm belongs instead to that tradition of prophecy that indicts man's failure to fulfill his own possibility of life. He belongs with Ruskin, who taught that a man ought to involve himself in life just as a painter ought to mix his own colors, or with Thoreau, who "did not wish to live what was not life." These are not Promethean champions of man who hope to right the world again, but great preachers against the alienation of man from concrete nature, and hence from himself. They, too, have a strong beginning in Isaiah, who demands, "Wherefore do you spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not?"



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# A Man Who Did Not Make It

*by Gerald W. Johnson*

No man who writes a book that is read for a hundred years, says Samuel Shapiro, "can truly be said to have been a failure."

No man who has written a book is likely to disagree with that, yet it is but cold comfort. No man – at least no American – who has written a book has lived a hundred years after its publication to know that it is still read; and in any event "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." If he thinketh in his heart that he is a failure he is, in fact, a flop, and the opinion that may be held by others is irrelevant.

*Richard Henry Dana, Jr.*
by Samuel Shapiro
(Michigan State; $5)

Richard Henry Dana, Jr. wrote *Two Years Before the Mast*, yet he was, in academic language, a bust, because what he wanted to write was statutes, decrees, constitutions that would last a hundred years. His biography therefore is essentially a study in failure; yet because he did do one unforgotten bit of work the study takes on significance that is doubled if one regards Dana as typical of a class.

It is permissible because he was a Boston Brahmin, fully representative of the Brahminical virtues of probity, industry and intellectuality; hence it is a reasonable assumption that his defects also were those of Beacon Hill, and to understand why Dana fell short of high attainment may go far to explain why the Brahmins lost their once unchallenged dominance of Boston. This leads to the odd conclusion that the Brahmins succumbed for precisely the reason that the Bushmen of the Kalahari Desert and the Australian aborigines went down – they were abraded by contact with a culture possessed of a superior technology.

The difference was that the technology of the shanty Irish was psychological, rather than mechanical. They had spiritual weapons that outclassed the Brahmins' as far as European guns did the bow and the assegai. Chief of these was a clear comprehension of the fundamental nature of power, which the Brahmins had had in the days when the great merchants of Boston were making the varied economies of the whole world tributary to their prosperity. But this understanding slipped away from the sons and grandsons of the great merchants until by 1836, when Richard Henry reached voting age, only the device of the family trust was keeping certain once great names still familiar to Boston.

The Danas, according to Shapiro, culminated in Judge Francis, no merchant, but a shrewd real-estate operator. But he did not name a trustee and his son, the first Richard Henry, squandered the family fortune and engendered children hopelessly unable to take care of themselves. This applied even to Richard Henry Jr. until, as he was half-way through Harvard, an apparent misfortune, failing eyesight, proved to be a boon, since it induced him to ship as an ordinary seaman on a sailing vessel going around the Horn to California to peddle merchandise and bring back hides for the Boston tanneries.

The voyage not only restored young Dana's health, but made him very much of a man. From the moment of his return he became the one prop and stay of what was, for all its blue blood, a fabulously shiftless family. Richard Henry went into the law and after a desperate struggle ended as the country's leading authority on admiralty law and a comparatively rich man.

But it wasn't what he wanted. From his journal he wrote the book that is his masterwork but he didn't care much for a literary career. He wanted to be what the old judge, his grandfather, had been, a person of consequence; and apparently it never occurred to him that the judge had made it by acquiring power, economic and political. But the methods of acquiring power had changed, and the younger Dana looked with lofty scorn on those prevailing in his own day. The result was constant frustration. He almost became a Congressman, a Senator, an Attorney-General, a minister to Eng-


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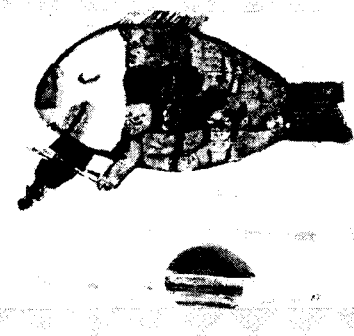

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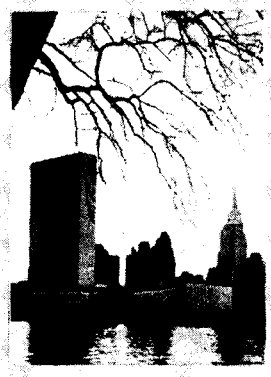

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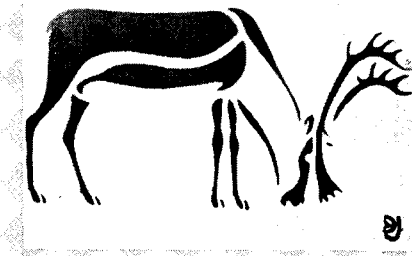

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land; but always, at the critical moment, he did something that ruined his chances. Usually it was something that had worked well enough for the judge, but that was outmoded. So he was always defeated by what he regarded as inferior men and at last fled to Europe to end his days in Italy, convinced that the republic had progressed far down the road to ruin.

The life of Dana, like that of the late George Apley, was high comedy which is, of course, tragedy turned wrongside out. Mr. Shapiro understands this, perhaps as well as J. P. Marquand did, and makes some use of it; but he could not make the best use of it because he was producing a scholarly work, not a novel, so only occasionally does he permit a flash of wit to show through. Furthermore his text is so prickly with radicals, usually referring to a note reading "*Ibid.* p. 321," that reading it is like plunging through a briar-patch. For all that, it is a genuine American idyll – with reverse English.

## ART

# *Luxury Books of the Season*

You can look at it as pioneering in publishing or you can look at it as a sign of creeping desperation brought on by running out of subject matter; at any rate the Christmas crop of art books includes some exotic blooms that wouldn't have been looked at when all the world was young and every art book publisher had a new combination of Impressionists in glorious color.

One new thing is the arrival of the full scale treatment of a time and place, using the relevant art as illustration and achievement but not divorcing it from the society in the traditional art book fashion. Volume Two of the Arts of Mankind series, edited by André Malraux and Georges Salles has arrived: *The Arts of Assyria* (Golden Press, $25). Again the text is by André Parrot who brings to the task his rare combination of theology, art history and practical acheology. Once more the book is a fulfillment of the hopes Malraux roused with his notion of the Museum Without Walls. The pictures are beautifully done, using color on clay and stone where helpful. Text and pictures combine history, religion, society and all the arts and include an occasional Malrauvian ploy such as linking the cathedrals of Romanesque Europe with Assyria by way of the prophet Ezekiel.

A somewhat more popular application of the same approach is the *Horizon Book of the Renaissance* (Heritage Press, $17.50; de luxe, boxed, $19.50) with central narrative by J. H. Plumb and specialist pieces by nine contributors including Morris Bishop, Garrett Mattingly, Sir Kenneth Clark, Iris Origo and H. R. Trevor-Roper. The book starts with the idea of the Renaissance and ends with the spread of the Renaissance through non-Italian Europe. The side-bars are biographies of significant people including Machiavelli, Petrarch, Michelangelo, Leonardo, Pius II and the Este sisters. There is very little direct art history though the book is full of art reproductions. The effort is rather to capture and articulate the spirit of an age and if it is all ultimately a rewrite of Burckhardt, the presentation is much more sumptuous.

One effect of the industry's more or less running out of Renoir is the appearance of good black and white illustrated books, including drawing and especially sculpture. Sculpture has always got the short end of the stick of type and it is good to see it coming into its own. *The Archaic Gravestones of Attica* by Gisela M. A. Richter (Phaidon, $15) is a handsome volume of a rather special interest. The interest, however, is very well served indeed with superb photos, comprehensive descriptions and notes. Also, examination reveals the interest really isn't all that special. As an old walker in New England I was dumbfounded at the resemblances between the Attic material and long-known 17th and early 18th Century American gravestone carvings. It isn't a matter of similar iconography – the New England stuff looks more Mexican – as similar feeling and similar conventions in carving.

A major effort in art history detective work led recently to the isolation of an honest-to-God individual Romanesque ecclesiastical sculptor. *Gislebertus, Sculptor of Autun* by Denis Grivot and George Zarnecki (Orion, $13.50) covers his decade of work at the Autun Cathedral and photographically links together the pieces of a tremendously impressive performance in direct carving and in a fairly free and easy approach to scripture. The plan of the church is included; there is comprehensive description and comment; and the pictures are gorgeous.

From several centuries later comes an effective little book, *Pictures From a Mediaeval Bible*, by James Strachan (Beacon, $3.50). In the early days of printing the 15th Century woodcuts we so admire as art in their own right were undoubtedly resorted to as a rather poor substitute for the hand-illuminations of the hand-copied Bibles of earlier times. This selection has just over 100 woodcuts, printed in red, from the Cologne Bible of 1478-80. The stress, as it was in a great deal of medieval art, is on the Old Testament, but the pictures and the commentary carry us from Adam and Eve through the end of the world.

One of the finest sculpture books to appear in a long time *Sculpture on Buildings*, by Urs Boeck (Universe, $12). Dr. Boeck begins with the idea that ever since Lord Elgin's liberating those marbles, we have increasingly looked on sculpture as existing by itself, whereas the majority of sculpture was made for a place, usually a wall. His essay is a lucid introduction to the

"ART FEEDS ON *past art: no more evidently than beneath the translator's hands. No one else confronts so directly the central artistic ritual, which is to confront our human past so far as we know it, repeat its rites and summon up its shades. For civilization is memory; translation is memory refreshed. Chapman, on behalf of Elizabethan England, drank the blood of the Greeks.*"

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subject, not a total survey. The pictures themselves do that, although, naturally enough, things get rather skimpy and arbitrary as we reach modern times. Nevertheless the book is well worth while, visually reminding us where a lot of famous pieces really belong and, equally useful, revealing a great deal of *in situ* sculpture not generally known.

In drawings, the major work of the year is *Bruegel Drawings, A Complete Edition*, by the late Ludwig Münz (Phaidon, $13.60). It is complete, fully annotated and with an informative essay by the author. In the individual studies, it is fascinating to find figures and faces familiar from the larger compositions. In the studies for compositions it is no less instructive to get at least an occasional glimpse of the mechanics at work.

The latest volume of the UNESCO art series is out: *Turkey, Ancient Miniatures*, by M. S. Ipsiroglue and S. Eyuboglu (New York Graphic, $18). As usual in the series, the format is very big, so that something like the original size is approached in the spendid reproductions of the illuminations. Again as is usual in the series, appropriate experts instruct the reader in a branch of art of which he knows little, offering helpful information, comparisons and judgments.

A few years ago this journal published a fairly ecstatic review of a show at the Corcoran, *The American Muse*, concluding with the hope that "some imaginative publisher will pick up the ready-made book which is hanging on those walls." Viking Press has. Henri Dorra's fine show makes a fine book ($10), matching excerpts from our literature with reproductions of our painting from early colonial days to the present. FRANK GETLEIN

## MOVIES

# *Hollywood's Germany*

Stanley Kramer is one of the rare Hollywood producers interested in social-political subjects (the Scopes trial, the nuclear threat), and some believe that by tackling such subjects he earns at least partial remission from criti-

*Judgment at Nuremberg*
(United Artists)
*One, Two, Three* (United Artists)

cism. (How much? 20 percent off for effort?) I was castigated for my review of *On the Beach*, with the implication that anyone who found faults in the film was anti-peace. Prepared now to be thought pro-Nazi, I have to point out that Kramer is simply one more "spectacular" producer who treats social-political matters with the same Hollywood *Apparat* as if he were making a damp domestic drama: star-studded casts, irrespective of aptness for role; ingenuity to keep the script within mass-digestion limits; and "big-studio" camera treatment of important players. (See the first shot of Judy Garland.)

*Judgment at Nuremberg* deals with the trial of four Nazi judges in 1947. What is the idea content for which Kramer is to be hailed? Typical of the whole script is its treatment of the former Minister of Justice (Burt Lancaster), so we can concentrate on him. He is a reputedly brilliant jurist, a proud man who despises his three dock-companions and who haughtily rejects the authority of the American court. He sits mute through the trial – building up, we are led to believe, to a statement of the attractions of the Nazi system for many educated Germans, plus a statement either of stubborn unregeneracy or of articulated disillusion. What we get finally is a pallid little aria of repentance: a long fuse and no explosion. Worse, we are left wondering why he became a Nazi; how he squared this with the principles in the books he had written previously; why he changed; and why, in the light of his behavior, he considered himself superior to his fellow-accused. We are told that during the Third Reich he despised Hitler personally and once called him a bourgeois; this, too, is unaccommodated in the character we see. We are given no more than a flashy presentation of what a clever TV-type writer thinks is an "off-beat" Nazi – all initial shock-value with no intellectual or dramatic fulfillment.

The defense lawyer (Maximilian Schell), who thinks that confession by Nazis will leave Germany abject and without self-respect, quotes various compliments to Hitler before the war, including that of Churchill. (He might also have included Lloyd George.) These provocative statements are whisked through in a show of candor, unanswered by the prosecution, not even mined for their true value to the defense. The prosecutor (Richard Widmark), who has been investigating Nazis for some time and is supposed to be knowledgeable about them, is still naïve enough to be puzzled – when he looks around a beer hall – that these friendly, singing people could have been Nazis.

And the chief judge (Spencer Tracy), after much taciturn consideration, delivers a verdict of simple detestation of Nazis which (quite apart from the fact that one may agree with it) could have been made before the first witness was sworn. This is the film in little: a brave show of political and moral surgery that goes no further than laying out the instruments; a series of superficial explorations leading back to undisturbed preconceptions.

Let us charitably pass over the "human interest" stuffing in the recesses of the trial: the judges and their wives right off the hook in the stock-character closet; Tracy's friendship with a German general's widow (Marlene Dietrich) who says that when the Allies hanged her husband, she learned what hate was. (She would have felt better,

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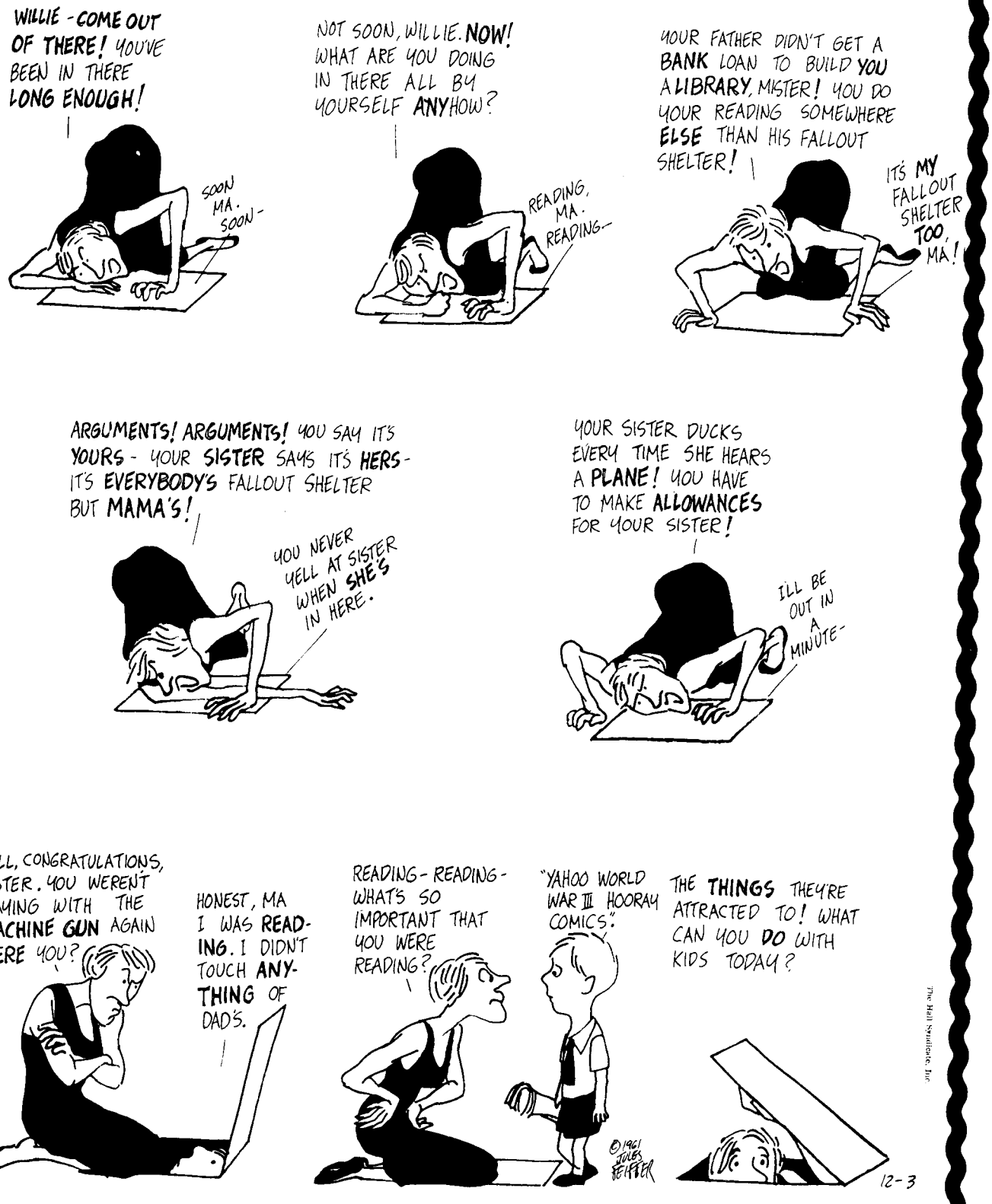
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SOON MA. SOON -
NOT SOON, WILLIE. NOW! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE ALL BY YOURSELF ANYHOW?
READING, MA. READING -
YOUR FATHER DIDN'T GET A BANK LOAN TO BUILD YOU A LIBRARY, MISTER! YOU DO YOUR READING SOMEWHERE ELSE THAN HIS FALLOUT SHELTER!
IT'S MY FALLOUT SHELTER TOO, MA!
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I'LL BE OUT IN A MINUTE -
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she says, if they had shot him. We latter-day clods will never appreciate knightly honor.) There is also a feeble attempt to pump up some drama with Army pressure on the prosecutor to go easy. He is told that to punish Nazis is to help Communists. This late-entry theme is left unresolved dramatically and unexplored intellectually.

Tracy has a long but poor part, consisting of gavel-rapping, small courtesies, and one large speech; nothing much can be done with it except to supply presence, which he has. Widmark continues to savage his roles like a half-starved bloodhound. Miss Dietrich is very carefully photographed in a very wooden performance. Schell, if he will fall out of love with his quick sweet smile, can be a good actor. Lancaster cannot. Made up like a college boy for an old man's role, he plays it to fit.

"Guest" appearances, as witnesses, are made by Montgomery Clift and Judy Garland in small parts designed to be show-stoppers. Clift, as a weak-minded victim of Nazi sterilization, is much too conscious of having a small effective part to be effective in it. Miss Garland plays a woman who, as a girl, was befriended by an old Jew who was tried on the false charge of having sexual relations with her. Miss Garland is a popular singer with a fanatical following. The attempt to treat her here as a great actress who has graciously condescended to a minor role is inappropriate.

Kramer, zoom lens in hand, has directed the film with a mixture of hollow gravity and mild commercial competence.

Questions of German responsibility for Nazi action, of Allied legal right to try a conquered nation, of individual guilt in a military state – these worrisome and important matters are all flirted with. If only Kramer, the Coast's "serious" producer, would leave serious subjects alone. Better no one in Hollywood dealing with them than glossy, paltering films like this one.

It would be neat to be able to say that Billy Wilder's comedy contains more truth than Kramer's drama, but *One, Two, Three* – although frequently funny – is political satire aimed at familiar targets. The film has an air of daring without daring anything. Still, Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond, who wrote fresh dialogue for a Molnar plot, have wit; Wilder has wit as a director, too – and the technique to implement it.

The head of Coca-Cola in West Berlin (James Cagney) has – for complex amusing reasons – to convert a young East German Communist (Horst Buchholz) into a well-dressed nobleman-executive. And has to do it in a few hours. The farce is occasionally strained (a man masquerading as a girl with balloons in his bodice, and *do* Communists grab whole chickens off plates?). The trio of Russian trade delegates seem to be playing a return engagement from *Ninotchka*. But despite its disappointments, the film has an over-all intelligent energy.

Buchholz, adequate in high comedy (*Felix Krull*), has little talent for physical farce. Arlene Francis, the American's wife, is an acceptable copy of the character that was George S. Kaufman's chief bequest to our theater: the wise-cracking female chorus. Cagney is called upon to be the dynamo of the plot and never stops humming. The picture is worth seeing just to watch Cagney furiously ordering clothes, apartment, and aristocratic antecedents for the youth; or to hear him say, "The race that produced the Taj Mahal, William Shakespeare and striped toothpaste can't be all bad."

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

## THEATER

# *Chronicle of a Reluctant Hero*

*A Man For All Seasons*
by Robert Bolt
(ANTA Theater)
*The Policemen*
by Slawomir Mrozek
*Androcles and the Lion*
by Bernard Shaw
(Phoenix Theater)

After some years of neglect, the chronicle history play has been enjoying a rebirth among the more literary English and French dramatists. Up till now, the results have been rather indifferent, but in Robert Bolt's *A Man For All Seasons* we finally have an effective example of the genre. A faithful account of the martyrdom of Sir Thomas More, this work is too diffuse to be completely successful; yet, compared with more vulgar dramatic biographies like Anouilh's *Becket* and Osborne's *Luther*, it shows remarkable intelligence, historicity, theatrical ingenuity, and good taste. I confess that the work took me by surprise, for nothing in Bolt's last entry, an inept piece of contemporary realism called *Flowering Cherry*, prepared me for the kind of form and substance he handles with such authority here. Yet, I can think of at least two reasons why he and his contemporaries are now turning to history for their subject matter. As Bolt unwittingly demonstrated in *Flowering Cherry*, modern man has become so trivial and uninteresting that he has lost his power to involve us, while modern mass society has inhibited even the superior spirits from expressing themselves through significant action. When human destinies are arbitrated primarily by bureaucrats, "Creon's secretaries," to quote Duerrenmatt's wistfully beautiful insight, "close Antigone's books." In an age without heroes, artists can lament our vacancy and spiritual undernourishment, like Samuel Beckett, or invent subjective heroic fantasies, like Jean Genet, or rake in the embers of the past for adequate human material, like the new dramatic chroniclers. Or, when they have no past, no history, no tradition, they can congratulate us on our triumphant mediocrity, like the Broadway dramatists – but this approach is

### NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Katherine Garrison Chapin's *newest book of poems,* The Other Journey, *was published last season by the University of Minnesota Press.* Alexander Welsh *is on the English faculty at Yale.*



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beneath discussion.

A second reason for the growing popularity of the history play has to do with the influence of Brecht who brought new eyes to the past and new techniques for putting it on the stage. It is Brecht's spirit, tempered by the spirit of Elizabethan drama and of More himself (whose writings, transcripts, and sayings appear as dialogue in the play), that hovers over Bolt's new work, just as it is the spirit of Teo Otto, Brecht's scenic designer, that inhabits Motley's settings – a handsome unit of simple polished Tudor stairs, located by various signs, emblems, and props dropped from the flies. For the purpose of setting the stage, bridging transitions, and commenting on the action, Bolt has supplied a Brechtian Chorus, who also plays all the lower class characters – a greedy, ironic, calculating opportunist called (with none of the usual Broadway toadying to this type) The Common Man. And just as Bolt's Chorus assumes some of the functions of the Story Teller in *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, so Bolt's interpretation of More – the great humanist, lawyer, statesman, and saint, who was put to death for opposing Henry VIII's divorce and the English Reformation which followed it – recalls Brecht's concept of Galileo, another historical figure hounded by authorities.

More (whose conversation, according to Erasmus, was "all of jesting and of fun") has usually been treated on the stage as a madcap: the Elizabethan play, *Sir Thomas More*, even has him cracking jokes on the scaffold. Without scanting More's wit, Bolt interprets him more as a melancholy intellectual aristocrat, desperately trying to preserve some private corner of conscience, while preserving his life at the same time. Unlike some of the rasher spirits who surround him, More is prudent and discreet ("Our natural business lies in escaping"), and inclined to protect himself behind legalistic subterfuges. When asked to swear to the Acts of Succession, establishing Henry's divorce and his control over the English Church, he simply maintains silence. Determined not to be a martyr if he can help it, he could probably defend his strategy with the same aphorism as Brecht's Galileo: "Unhappy is

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the lands that *needs* a hero." More, however, is reluctantly nudged into heroism when all escape routes have been closed. Imprisoned and brought to trial by Henry's minister, a "dockside bully" named Thomas Cromwell, More is badgered to break his silence; but only when he has been convicted on the basis of a witness' perjury does he rise to declare the new Acts "directly repugnant to the law of God." As he delivers himself to the headsman, the Common Man tells the audience, with a salacious wink: "It isn't difficult to stay alive, friends – *just don't make trouble!*" More's death, the wages of integrity, is for the ages; but the moral is for our own time, when the common man ("the master statesmen of us all") preserves his skin through compromise and accommodation.

Noel Willman's production is excellent – tight, fluid, graceful, by turns both rowdy and dignified – and the entire cast is impeccable, from George Rose's sardonic Common Man, hastily burrowing in a basket for his various costume changes, through Albert Dekker's Norfolk, played with the robustness of a growling Tudor mastiff, Keith Baxter's Henry, cast against type as a lithe, muscular, egocentric golden boy, and Leo McKern's Cromwell, a pudgy Machiavellian humorist of astonishing dexterity (at one audacious moment he leaps backward upon a table). But the play is really a tour de force for Paul Scofield, who superbly endows the leading role with that most elusive of all acting qualities: sheer intelligence. Looking like Holbein's portrait, dowdy, laconic, wry, sweet, mellow, dreamy and humorous (his irony is reminiscent of Olivier's), he tells us almost as much about the quality of More's mind as the play itself, and a good deal more about the quality of More's emotions – especially in one scene where he breaks down quietly over a custard that his wife has brought him in prison. It is a soft expressive moment in a performance of exquisitely subtle modulations (Scofield raises his voice only once in the entire evening); and, if the play tends to fade a little after its initial impact, Scofield's More remains indelibly fixed in your memory.

The Phoenix is back, operating, as it should have been a long time ago, in a smaller theater. The initial play in its double bill, a catastrophic Polish attempt at political satire called *The Policemen*, has already been withdrawn; it is one of those disasters which producers sometimes embrace, hoping for a topical success. The second feature is *Androcles and the Lion*, designed and directed like one of Aesop's fables. The production, fair enough in concept, has been routinized by some bad casting and inferior acting, but it has a few engaging moments, especially when the Phoenix's comics take over. John Heffernan's Androcles, a kind of gooney Simple Simon with an affection for animals, is full of modest geniality, sweet but not sticky; and Frederic Warriner's Caesar, in the tradition of this character, is a grape-plucking effiminate who alternates, amusingly, between cowardice and bravura. These two, and of course the sure-fire Lion (Ted Graeber) occasionally rescue the evening from that intolerable mediocrity which so afflicts our theater today, on both sides of the curtain.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

# *Correspondence*

The New Republic *welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.*

## The Educated Soldier

*Sirs:*

As a long time reader (nearly forty years) and admirer of your journal, I was distressed to read "The Educated Soldier" (October 30). It seemed to me to be pointless, supercilious in tone and a reflection of that stereotype too prevalent among liberals: that military men are fools at best and often scoundrels as well.

As for General Walker himself, he is deplored nowhere with more acute embarrassment than among his fellow officers. His case has brought into focus the whole question of the political education of our youth and the role of the military therein. Certainly this subject is worthy of serious treatment in any journal of current affairs. Mili-



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tary officers are concerned with the morale of their men for the same reason that the leaders of any institution or profession are concerned: to ensure efficient and responsible performance of duty. Arousing passions to kill is an absurd and archaic concept that has little place even in wartime operations.

The Services have been concerned since Korea at the inability of some Americans while in captivity to preserve their identity, their unit loyaltes and their will to resist. To assume however, that the "military brass decided on lectures . . . to keep soldiers from informing on their buddies" is a distortion both of the steps the Services have taken since Korea and the objectives of these steps. In very broad terms, the Services are using all possible means (among them lectures) to indoctrinate military men with the knowledge of what they are fighting for and why this is important to them personally and to their country. This is not an ideological crusade, per se; it is a military necessity. Men who know little of what they are fighting for make poor soldiers, sailors and airmen. (A half hours' conversation with any one of a dozen officers in the Pentagon would have given your man something more substantial to base his piece on than the foolish assumptions he used.)

Speaking for the Navy, we have initiated a program of revitalization of leadership on all levels, based on a basic concept of moral responsibility. The basic ideas of this program are contained in General Order 21, of which I shared the authorship. The concept of moral leadership being taught by the Navy has aroused considerable interest both in the fields of education and industry. It is not religious and eschews politics. The Marines, being a corps of the Navy, are participating fully.

Of course, I am personally rankled by the thinly disguised anti-military bias of the writer. But of much more substance is my dismay that a journal in which I have such confidence should contain such a thin piece. I am accustomed to more robust fare.

*J. V. Noel, Jr.*
*Captain, US Navy*
*Commanding Officer*
*USS Springfield*

## Idealists and Nuclear War

*Sirs:*

What is T.R.B. coming to? "Idealists," he says (Oct. 30), "cry that they oppose any nuclear war for Berlin." Why "idealists"? Is it "idealistic" to oppose a nuclear war – a war that will certainly wipe out Berlin whatever else it does – and realistic to endorse such a war? . . . And if T.R.B. doesn't know what there is to negotiate about, he is almost the only person in America who does not. . . . And how realistic is it to suggest that we might have a nuclear war "to keep the Western Alliance in being." How much of the Western Alliance will survive a nuclear war?

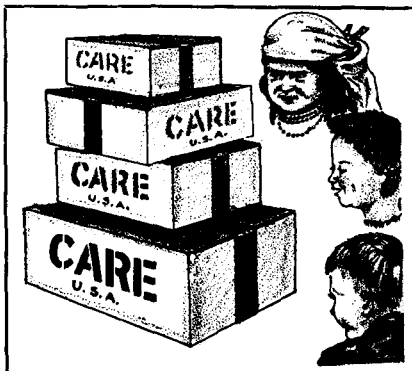
*Henry S. Commager*
*Amherst College*

## Anonymous Snobbery

*Sirs:*

The note "Young Ted to the Senate" (November 6) reads like something in Timese. Let one who has voted in Massachusetts for a lifetime assure your writer that for every brick thrower that the "new button down collar" candidate can "dig up" our political Brahmins (statesmen to you) can hire an opposite number of experienced hatchet men while still giving the impression of personally surveying the political scene from Olympian heights. I realize that your observer is not ignorant of the facts but evidently derives some secret satisfaction from the practice of anonymous snobbery.

*Mary Elizabeth Shields*
*Boston, Mass.*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